

THE RUIN OF OUR AIR FORCE

THE

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THE RUIN OF OUR AIR FORCE

“National” Government’s Confession

“In the air we virtually disarmed ourselves in 1919 and subsequently, from time to time, postponed the attainment of the MINIMUM AIR STRENGTH REGARDED AS NECESSARY TO OUR SECURITY in the face of air development on the Continent.”

White Paper.

THE FACTS

RUSSIA - over 4,000
first line aeroplanes

FRANCE - over 3,000
first line aeroplanes

U.S.A. - - over 2,660
first line aeroplanes

ITALY - - - 1,900

GERMANY - 1,500 (2,500 nearing
completion and 8,000
proposed)

JAPAN - - - 2,000
first line aeroplanes.

GREAT BRITAIN (HOME DEFENCE)

500-600 first line aeroplanes

A Shameful Record

AT the Armistice—November 11th, 1918—Great Britain, with 185 squadrons and over 2,000 first line aeroplanes, ruled the air as completely as she ruled the seas.

In November, 1931, the National Government came into power. Our position was expressed at that time by the following statement in the House of Commons :—

“ From being the first air Power in the world we have sunk to the position of fifth or sixth, and that in spite of the fact that the advent of the air weapon has lost us our age-long security as an island nation, and has left the greatest city in the world more open to the dangers of air attack than any of the other capitals in Europe.”

If this “National” Government was composed of CAREFULLY “ PICKED ENEMIES ”—could they have done worse? It would have been difficult.

In 1923 Mr. Baldwin as Prime Minister had promised that a Home Defence Force of 52 squadrons should be created with as little delay as possible.

Eight years after we were still many squadrons short of that number.

What did the National Government do?

In 1932 the Air Minister said :—

“ The serious disparity between the Royal Air Force and foreign air services remains as tangible proof of the Government’s efforts to further the cause of disarmament.”

In 1933 he explained :—

“ The home-defence programme of 1923 is held in suspense, a further evidence of the whole-hearted desire of the Government to promote disarmament.”

In 1934 he repeated :—

“ Pending the results of the Disarmament Conference, the number of new units to be formed in this country is being curtailed to a minimum, and will, in fact, do little to bridge the widening gap between the present strength of the Royal Air Force and the air services of other great Powers.”

In April, 1934, our Home Air Force was still ten squadrons short of Mr. Baldwin’s promise.

In November of that year, though all the world knew that Germany was building an air fleet, he declared that we were 50 per cent. stronger than that Power. A month or two later he had to eat his words and confess that Germany had already attained parity with this country.

As a matter of fact it was more than parity.

Mr. Baldwin agreed that Germany had 850 first line aeroplanes, while, at the same moment, in the Upper House, the Secretary of State for Air admitted that we had only 580 first line machines.

The end of it all was that Great Britain might hope in two years to have 1,180 first line aeroplanes against 2,000 German aeroplanes already existing.

985

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"Terminological Inexactitudes"

Winston Churchill in the "Daily Mail" says:—

THE plainest warnings have been given both in Parliament and in the Press that Germany was secretly creating a military Air Force contrary to the treaty. Last year we drew from Mr. Baldwin a promise that the British Air Force should not be inferior to that of any country within striking distance of our shores. In particular it was understood that we should never become inferior to Germany in the air.

WHEN I raised this question in the debate on the Address last November we received the most positive assurance from the Government that there was no danger of this. Mr. Baldwin made two definite statements: (1) The German Air Force is not rapidly approaching equality with our own, but is still only 50 per cent. of ours (that is, half as strong); (2) a year from now (that is, November 1935) we shall be at least 50 per cent. (that is, three to two) stronger than Germany in the air.

THESE were very remarkable declarations. They came from a Minister in the highest responsibility with access to all the secret information. The Government Press, and naturally the Socialist and Liberal organs, accepted them with complete confidence and relief. Those who had warned the Government that a far worse state of things existed were written down as "scaremongers." Only a fortnight ago the Government spokesman was put up to say that "we were still substantially stronger than Germany in the air, and would still be stronger in the autumn."

THERE is no doubt that these statements were quite wrong. Indeed, they had no relation whatever to the truth. Herr Hitler recently declared that the German Air Force was already as strong as the British, and this fact was solemnly announced last Saturday to the public by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Confirmation was provided in the House of Commons yesterday afternoon by Sir John Simon, who revealed that in the course of the recent conversations in Berlin Herr Hitler stated, "in general terms," that Germany had reached parity with Great Britain in the air.

IN fact, however, the position is far worse than these tardy admissions disclose. How much worse it may be difficult to prove. However, during the present year it will become obvious that Germany is increasing her air-power at anything from five to ten times the rate at which we are increasing ours.

WHAT a disquieting thing it is that Ministers should be found to have made solemn statements to Parliament on a vital matter of this kind which are proved to be absolutely wrong; and that private Members and independent newspapers should have been able to form a far truer view of our position,

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

The Air Raid Danger

A significant reminder of the deadliness of a modern air raid is the recent issue by the Home Office's Air Raid Precautions Department of its "Memorandum No. 1 on Air Raid Precautions."

This is only a small pamphlet dealing with the treatment of casualties and, though we doubt its effectiveness in propagating essential knowledge unless backed up by a vigorous campaign, it may at least bring home to the public the havoc which such a raid would create among the civilian population.

But it is not sufficient to apply first aid to the injured and the dying. The enemy aeroplanes must be intercepted beyond our shores and engaged in combat by an adequate number of the latest type of fighters.

**

Modern Tactics

Many a true word has been spoken inadvertently and Mr. Baldwin was perfectly correct when he said that our frontier to-day was on the Rhine—he might have added, or in the territory of any other country which attacks us.

It is an axiom of tactics that the faster and more mobile one's units the further ahead of the main body must be one's advanced guard and the further ahead of one's advanced guard must be one's scouts. Thus, in the case of cavalry, scouts work further ahead of the advanced guard and the advanced guard operates further ahead of the main body than in the case of infantry.

In the case of the Air Force these distances are infinitely greater, and must be so for elementary tactical reasons. For similar reasons, if this country is to be immune from attack from the air, the enemy must be engaged at a greater distance from home than was necessary when fighting on land or sea.

**

We Must Be Strong

But the greater the distance from home one operates—and this applies to all branches of the fighting services—the more personnel and material one requires. This applies particularly to the Air

Force, which will have to cover a much wider frontage in order to make sure of intercepting the enemy at a safe distance than it would have to do if it were content to circle round a particular object of attack. Otherwise the enemy would be able to evade the screen and destroy our cities before they could be intercepted. Our Home Defence Air Force must, therefore, be larger than that which any potential enemy can put into the field.

**

A Bad Seventh

It is true that anti-aircraft guns are more efficient than they were during the Great War, but so are aeroplanes, the bombs which they drop, and the methods of directing them. In fact it is now possible to hit a target from a height of 14,000 feet. It is, therefore, upon fighting planes that we shall have to rely to break up the main attack, leaving our land defences to deal with any odd attacking planes which happen to reach our shores.



For this reason it is more than disturbing to find that, though the Government are fully aware of the danger, our Air Force has sunk from a premier position among nations at the end of the war to a mere seventh place. Russia to-day has over 4,000 first line aeroplanes; France over 3,000; the United States over 2,660; Italy 1,900; Germany 1,500, with 2,500 nearing completion and 8,000 proposed; Japan 2,000; while Britain, dependent upon outside sources for vital supplies, with lengthy communications and a vast Empire to protect, has the beggarly number of between five and six hundred first line machines available for home defence. Our total first line strength at the moment is, in fact, little greater than that of small Powers such as Poland and Roumania,

The Lesson of the War

Those who remember the air raids on London and other towns during the last war will be given food for thought by the fact that the greatest number of enemy planes to reach London during that conflict was 26 and the greatest number of bombs dropped was 98. Now a responsible Continental authority has estimated that a leading European Power could drop three thousand tons of bombs in a single flight over a radius of 600 miles, and we have reason to believe that this range can now be greatly exceeded. Added to this, while the war time bombs when accurately directed, which the majority were not, wrecked single houses, the modern bomb will devastate whole areas and asphyxiate hundreds if not thousands.

**

Scrap the League

In spite of this deadly threat to our safety, a threat which extends to women and children as well as to the fighting forces, our Socialist Pacificists are bleating that it is wrong for us to take air raid precautions, and are still urging the Government to trust in the moribund League of



Nations. It is high time the League was scrapped altogether, if only to exacerbate this sentimental and dangerous nonsense and, if the Government have any wisdom at all, which we are inclined to doubt, they will cease to attempt to prop up this falling edifice at the risk of quarrelling with a friendly nation, and commit it to the limbo of the past.

**

Come Down to Earth

But it is not only our Air Force which has been allowed to dwindle "to the edge of risk" and, in our opinion, considerably beyond it. Our Navy has been cut from 173,000 men in 1914 to 90,000 in 1933; Our Regular Army has been reduced from 247,000 men to 195,000; and our Territorial Army from 248,000 to 136,000.

The result is that our impotence is common property among Continental Nations, who see little advantage in being allied to us and little danger in defying us.

Yet there are still those so blind that they would trust to "collective security," to "pacts," and even to the League of Nations. And this when three of the Great Powers have already left the

League and another is threatening to do so and when the very authors of the Kellogg Pact have virtually repudiated it.

**

Who is to Blame?

For this unsatisfactory state of affairs we must blame Mr. Baldwin who, with the largest Conservative majority in history, was first content to be led by the Socialist MacDonald who did his utmost to hamper us during the war, and who now leads a conglomeration of Ministers from all parties who share collectively and individually the responsibility for the insensate policies of the past fifteen years. The British people must make it plain that they are not interested in sentimentalism, but demand security; and they must refuse to vote for any party which does not pledge itself to build our fighting forces up to strength without delay.

**

Soviet Propaganda

The United States is not the only nation which has had to send a strongly worded note to Moscow protesting against the Communist Propaganda



which is being carried on within its shores through the medium of the Third International. Great Britain has also called the attention of the Soviet Government to intensive propaganda of a similar nature in the British Isles.

We are now informed that the Soviet Government has "rejected" our protest, an act which is looked upon in diplomatic circles as insulting and contemptuous and only resorted to in extreme and exceptional cases.

**

Universal Indignation

Meanwhile there is considerable indignation in Poland, where Soviet plotting has been discovered on a large scale in defiance of a bilateral agreement between the two countries, and a formal protest is expected shortly.

Japan, too, has prepared a protest against the anti-Japanese propaganda which the Soviet Government has been carrying on through the means of the Comintern, while Latvia has made similar representations.

The truth is that every nation which has resumed diplomatic relations with this barbarous State has had to complain bitterly of interference with its internal affairs and of vigorous efforts to overthrow its social structure.

The Lesson of "Arcos"

There is, in fact, a distinct possibility that, in view of the unsatisfactory nature of the Soviet Government's reply, the United States will sever diplomatic relations with Russia. It is a move which we might well imitate. Moreover, we would do well to take care that no so called trading organisation with diplomatic immunity is allowed to remain. The lesson of the last raid on Arcos, which proved conclusively that its officials were abusing their positions and, under the guise of business men, were directing the dissemination of Communist Propaganda is not one which should be forgotten.

**

The Ninth Wonder

The Liberal Conscience is a queer, plastic thing which can be moulded to fit any hole whether square, oblong, or round. To-day its official organ is urging Britain to defend slave-owning Abyssinia against the forces of Mussolini; at the same time we are to fly to Italy's aid should Hitler march South and to the aid of France should she march Westward.

It is interesting, therefore, to turn up the files of the Liberal "Daily News" in August 1914



and read therein what it then conceived to be the duty of the Government. "It is its (the Government's) duty not only to keep out of the war should war come, but to announce here and now its rigorous neutrality," we find on August 1st. A few days later, on August 5th, when war had been declared, we find the following illuminating passage. "We shall record that a mistaken course of foreign policy pursued over ten years, the departure from our traditional policy of **SPLendid ISOLATION**, has led us to the terrible conflict in which we are now engaged."

In 1914 Splendid Isolation, in 1935 meddling interference and war. Truly there were not eight wonders of the world, but nine and the ninth is the Liberal sense of duty.

**

Communism in Trade Unions

The fact that the motion to refer back a circular from the Trades Union Council to Unions and Trade Councils, asking the executives to exclude avowed Communists from official positions, was only defeated by only 1,869,000 votes to

1,427,000, shows clearly to what straits the movement has been reduced.

That Sir Walter Citrine, who signed the circular, tactfully included Fascists as well, does not affect our reading of the result, for Fascism does not commend itself to Trade Unionists.

The truth is that there was a majority of only 442,000 against Communism out of a total of 3,296,000 votes cast, or a margin of little over 13 per cent.

These are appalling figures which show clearly the grip which Moscow has obtained upon organised labour.

It is significant, too, that the T.U.C. leaders were not so much concerned with the canker of Communism as such, but with the danger that, unless it put its house in order, the various Unions which send delegates to the T.U.C., might one day find themselves suppressed as subversive and illegal bodies. This proves beyond doubt that Sir Walter Citrine and his associates are fully aware of the extent of the disruptive element.

It is the old story of the rank and file, carried away by insidious, yet none the less inflammatory propaganda, taking the bit between their teeth. It is exactly the same story as the French and Russian revolutions and of all other revolutions which, started by idealists, have ended in tyranny and bloodshed.

**

Episcopal Clap-Trap

The Archbishop of Canterbury, having urged us to plunge into war with Italy, has now been followed by the Archbishop of York, and it has been left to the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster to advise us to leave well alone.

Though disagreeing on the question of militant pacifism, these two latter prelates are, however, at one in asserting that we should give away the Empire.

Certain continental nations are becoming overpopulated and aggressive, is their argument, therefore we must propitiate them by making them presents of our territory. The fact that this would provide merely an incentive to these nations to ask for more and probably, as they would naturally interpret such a gesture as a sign of weakness, to attempt to take it by force, has not, it seems, occurred to them. Nor, apparently, do they consider the feelings of the colonists, who fought for England in the Great War, need be taken into account.

The Archbishops would do well to study the quarrel between Samuel and Saul, when they would learn that sacrifices do not propitiate people who have determined, whether rightly or wrongly, on a certain course, and that "walking delicately" does not melt the hearts of dictators.

Keep Out of It!

By Kim

THIS article is written during the sitting of the Council of the League of Nations. Without attempting to anticipate its upshot the fact remains that when the British nation is left in a state of anxious uncertainty because Italy has a quarrel with the semi-civilised Abyssinian people, it provides a very severe commentary on the utter inadequacy of Mr. Baldwin's Foreign Policy.

If our present Ministers were statesmen, no such a situation could ever have arisen. Someone remarked recently that the Government attitude in regard to the Italo-Abyssinian dispute was an attempt to emulate Palmerston with the mentality of a Lansbury. The horrible truth is that there is no big-minded personality in Mr. Baldwin's Government. They are without exception Lilliputians, the product of a system which suppresses talent but gives the biggest rewards to the most subservient party men.

Never before, in its most chequered history, has the once great and patriotic Conservative Party been so utterly futile and its leaders so mediocre as to-day. The potentialities of the British Empire are beyond their limited imaginations. They can see no farther than Geneva and its "collective security."

SHAMEFUL ALLIANCE

In this matter, as in other disruptive actions of the sham "National Government," certain organs of the Press which pretend to be Conservative but are servile followers of the Baldwin Cabinet, as they were of the MacDonald Cabinet—if there be any distinction—have united with the *Daily Herald*, the *News Chronicle*, and other journals whose aim is to overthrow the Empire and plunge the country into revolution and red ruin, in order to drag us into a quarrel with Italy, by demanding "sanctions," unless she withdraws.

Let us have some straight talk on this subject. We are not in a position to impose sanctions on Italy, with or without the sinister League of Nations. Mussolini has completely rejuvenated the Italian people, and only ignorant fools look upon them as ice-cream merchants, restaurant keepers and waiters. The Italians of Turin, Milan, and all the industrial north are hard-headed, brave, and fine disciplinarians. But war to-day is less and less the prowess of the individual, for overwhelmingly it is one of mechanism. The truth may not be palatable to those who scorn the "Dagoes," but Italy to-day could drive us out of the Mediterranean, if alas, it ever came to be a trial of strength. Her navy outclasses ours in that sea, whether in battleships, cruisers, destroyers or submarines. Her army is the last word in tanks, guns and machine-guns as the recent

manœuvres have shown. Her air force could crush us even if we drew on our last reserves.

It is significant that the Government draws its moral support at the present juncture from those very elements in the country which have been for so many years its wrecking influence. Mr. Kean, the President for this year of the Trades Union Congress, would have us "coerce Italy," if she cannot be persuaded to keep the peace. The reasons that guide Mr. Kean, and the members of the T.U.C. who support him, are not love of England, or even love of peace, but blind hatred of the Fascists. That is the real cause of offence—Fascism, whether you like it or not, stands for a robust and militant nationalism, whereas Mr. Kean and his friends of the T.U.C.—who in 1926 did their best to plunge us into a revolution—want the world to disarm, because it gives them their only chance to impose a Soviet with murder and wholesale robbery. The success of Fascism hits them right down and hence their hatred of it.

PANDERING TO PACIFISTS

The truth is, of course, that our pernicious Government has leaned far more to the left with Mr. Kean and his type of blood-thirsty Pacifists than to the right. It is too much to expect that they should recognise the stern facts which confront them in this matter? We are, as a nation, practically disarmed. We cannot both have our cake and eat it. If, in pursuance of the snares of Geneva, we have left our Navy, Army and Air Force in such a state of inferiority that we cannot take the field against any Great Power, we must pay the consequences. If we had been overwhelmingly superior in arms to Italy, our pacifists might conceivably have tried to bully Mussolini. In our present plight it would be futile. It is unpleasant to have to make this admission, but that is the fault of the Pacifists and the short-sighted, feeble-minded supporters of the League of Nations. We are to-day an enfeebled and toothless Lion, whose roar is weak, and causes no alarm in the forest.

It may as well be said here that Mussolini himself, a man of high mettle, has shown remarkable self-control under the attacks made upon him and his Government. He has expressly said that Italy has no designs on British interests in Abyssinia. He has no sort of quarrel with us. France certainly will not support us in any wild efforts to save the face of the crumbling League of Nations. And there is little doubt about it that if the Government attempt to drag us into a war with Italy on any pretext whatsoever, that there will be no national response. It will be impossible to obtain public support.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

A bound volume of "Nature" has been left in the waiting room of the Southern Railway station at Basingstoke with this inscription in it: "Presented to the Basingstoke waiting room by an amiable peer who once spent a tedious wait there and hopes to spare others a similar tedium."

Whether of great or lowly stature
 Man, in the midst of his affairs,
 Seeks in communion with Nature
 A respite from his load of cares.
 Untaught in Wisdom's train to foot it,
 Of Pleasure's cup too bored to drink,
 In Nature's bosom, so to put it,
 He has no need to think.

So one seeks solace in the sunset,
 Or walks alone by murmuring seas;
 One will explore the stars and one set
 Out rows of sprouts and early peas.
 So one will look with wordless hymns on
 The windflower nodding on the hill,
 Or Autumn woodlands dyed with crimson,
 Although his brains are nil.

Yet are there cares that come in season,
 Moments that we must all endure,
 When Nature, for some obvious reason
 Cannot apply her sovereign cure;
 And first among such aggravations
 I rank the awful tedium
 Or hanging round in railway stations
 For trains that do not come.

What heart by sympathy expanded
 Does not go out to all poor folk
 Who have the ill luck to be stranded,
 Waiting for trains at Basingstoke,
 Who face, fed up and far from home, a
 Protracted hour of utter gloom,
 Pent in a desultory coma,
 In a cold waiting room?

But is the wait less tolerable,
 And is the tedium less profound,
 When there reposes on the table
 "Nature," one volume, neatly bound,
 Inviting us to gather from it,
 Sitting engrossed, if not at ease,
 Some tips about the latest comet
 Or Embolism in Fleas?

Nature does nothing in a stale way;
 She fills the human breast with awe,
 As also do the Southern Railway
 Stations, but *Nature* in the raw,
 Cold waiting room, though fraught with meager
 Solace for train-lorn peers, it's plain,
 Will never make the public eager
 To travel that way again.

HAMADRYAD.

The Case Against Abyssinia

By Clive Rattigan

MUSSOLINI has now presented to the Council of the League of Nations Italy's case against Abyssinia; and those who know the facts, on which that case is founded, do not need to be told that it is an extremely formidable indictment.

Britain, the Abyssinians have long been aware, has little interest in their country; but Magdala is by no means forgotten, and so, while Addis Ababa is not averse from taking what advantage it can of British patience, it refrains from pushing that patience too far. When raids occur—as they not infrequently do—into British territory, Addis Ababa will express first hurt surprise and then, if that does not suffice, offer to pay compensation—and actually pay it after, say, a decent twelve year interval!

The Sudan and Kenya administrations know their Abyssinia, if Whitehall does not, and they devote a sum of £100,000 per annum towards guarding their frontiers from Abyssinian invasions.

To Italy Addis Ababa has never paid the same, even reluctant, respect as it has shown to Britain. The Abyssinians, ever since Adowa, have regarded the Italians as far inferior to themselves in military prowess. They have looked upon the Italians as interlopers who have no real right to their possessions in Eritrea and Somaliland and who would some day have to be driven out of Africa.

ROBBERY AND MURDER

During the Great War they thought the time had come for ejecting the interlopers. They made attempts to promote disaffection in Italian Somaliland and they began concentrating large forces on the borders of Eritrea. In order to meet this menace the Italians were compelled to withdraw troops from Europe to reinforce their small garrisons in Africa. It was only when a revolution broke out in Abyssinia itself that Italy was able to reduce the size of her African garrisons.

After the war there was a continuous series of plundering or slave-capturing raids into Italian territory, and Italian travellers in Abyssinia were frequently robbed and murdered.

Nevertheless, Italy persisted in her efforts to win Abyssinian friendship. By her good offices Abyssinia was admitted to the League of Nations and thus invested with an aura of civilised respectability which Britain, at least by opposition to the proposal, considered she had not deserved.

To Addis Ababa Italy's friendly gesture meant nothing more than flattering incense to its own superiority complex. And when five years later the Duce came forward with a twenty year Pact of Friendship and Arbitration, Addis Ababa accepted the compliment as its due and left it at that.

The letter of the Treaty might have its uses in case of future disputes, but as to its spirit that was

another matter. Addis Ababa had no intention of encouraging Italy's economic and industrial ambitions. Even the road convention concluded at the same time as the Treaty and providing for the building of a motor road from Assab on the Italian Eritrean coast to Dessiye in Abyssinia was not permitted to be carried out.

As with treaties, so with raids and other outrages. Here is a brief summary of the more recent events which have helped to inflame Italian indignation to fever heat.

In 1932 Abyssinians, under a brigand chief named Merrag Tesfai, invaded Italian territory for purposes of plunder and had to be driven out by Italian troops. In June of the same year a retired Italian Colonel, by name Peluso, was murdered in Abyssinia while engaged in commercial business there. One of the murderers escaped, but the others, who had been arrested, were almost immediately set free.

THE WAL-WAL CLIMAX

Throughout 1933 the caravans of the Italian Consulate at Gondar were repeatedly attacked and plundered. In April of that year Abyssinian raiders entered Italian territory at Gundet and later at Addi Shabut, plundering and murdering. The Abyssinian Government paid no indemnity, and in the case of Addi Shabut claimed that it was in Abyssinian territory, where apparently robbery and murder might be indulged in with impunity! In May and June other raids took place.

On the Somaliland frontier similar incidents occurred.

There were innumerable other incidents of the kind, culminating in the Wal-Wal affair, which was more serious than the others on account of the heavy loss of life on both sides. Documents found in the Abyssinian camp after the attackers had been driven off proved that Abyssinian chieftains, with the complicity of the Central Government, had been planning this attack since October (it actually occurred on December 5th).

If after the Wal-Wal incident Italy strengthened her forces in East Africa it was because the situation had then become exceedingly grave and her garrisons—barely 8,000 men in all—were obviously too weak. It has to be remembered, too, that whereas Abyssinia can raise some hundreds of thousands of men at short notice, it is a matter of some weeks to get troops from Italy to Eritrea or Somaliland.

The solution that Italy did suggest for the Abyssinian problem, as far back as January last, was united Three Power action. This would have brought Abyssinia to her senses, and would have avoided all the complications of the "National" Government's League Peace Racket.

Air Defence Lessons

By Boyd Cable

WE have been having rather a rush of air lessons of late, and I hope that these lessons are plain to the public because it seems clear enough that it is only when the public wakes to unpleasant facts that the Government is forced to act.

I am afraid that one lesson was not learned as it should have been, but it may be that I am wrong in this and that the situation revealed was accepted as unpleasant but was passed over with the comfortable reflection that we are mending the weakness disclosed. All the same, it can't do any harm to rub in a few of major facts from the first of those lessons for the benefit of any who may have missed them.

Let us look back for a moment to the recent Jubilee Review of the R.A.F. at Mildenhall. From a number of the press reports and photographs, a great many people might suppose that the Review was an enormous success and that it showed the world what a fine and well-trained Air Force we possess. Those quite unversed in air war and serious air work can be excused for regarding the Review as a fine, impressive show, but the blunt fact is that it was only impressive as a show-up, that it was a tragic exhibition of our air weakness.

TEN TO ONE AGAINST US

There were about 300 machines of all sorts, shapes and sizes at Mildenhall, and, of these, about half took the air in the "fly past" the King. It is not a pleasant reflection that France, Russia and Germany could each put up 1,500 machines to our 150 in a fly past.

There may be some who will query this statement that Germany could turn out so many machines. I'd recommend the doubters to the detailed statements made months ago by French journals on German air strength, putting it at 3,000 machines. I would also remind them that Mr. Baldwin, in the House, said that on the best authorities he could quote he put German strength in "military" machines at anything between 600 and 1,000. This, however, was leaving out of account commercial machines capable of immediate conversion to military use; and it was when Mr. Baldwin was maintaining stoutly that Germany's strength was "not fifty per cent. of our air strength in Europe to-day."

That complacent estimate we know was shattered by Germany's official declaration that she had a "military" air strength equal to ours. Those who choose to believe that in this declaration Germany put all her cards on the table and revealed her full air strength are welcome to do so.

A more vital point is that every machine in the German air service is thoroughly modern, that she has a mass of commercial 'planes equally modern and quite useful as war machines; and that at our Jubilee Review we were parading machines which as types ought to have gone to the break-up yard years ago, because in any European air war they would simply be the same old "Flying Coffins" and "Spinning Incinerators" our men had to fly so often in the last war. If we argue that our comparative weakness is being remedied by our plans for increased strength, we must suppose Germany and other nations are not continuing also to increase. I wonder?

For the next lesson we must jump from the Jubilee Review to recent news reports, because the latter bear out so emphatically the fact that civil machines are potential instruments of war.

GERMANY'S STRENGTH

A headline in one of the most careful and least scaremongering newspapers I read stated "CIVIL TYPES ADAPTED AS BOMBERS"; and the article below it (also by one of the most careful and least alarmist correspondents I know) tells how the Government has accepted for production in the expansion of R.A.F. plans two types of civil machines which "have been adopted for adaption to military purposes." Germany is enormously stronger in such convertible civil machines now than we look like being for years.

Last month Cranwell Cadet College finished its term, and in the usual official "report" certain facts leaked out. Cranwell usually passes out about a couple of dozen officers in each of the two terms a year and, although in this term there were only ten more, it was remarked that there had been a shortage of training staff both for the Cadets and other ranks.

Cranwell Cadets have three years' training before getting their wings and passing into the R.A.F., and, in view of the expansion plans which have been put into operation for some months, it is a serious matter that there should be any shortage of staff even for the very small number of Cadets passed out yearly.

The mass of the officers in the expanded R.A.F. will be short service, but it is impossible to suppose that if the expanded Force is to be as efficient as the small one, it will not require a large increase in officers with three years' Cranwell or other college training. It will be possible no doubt to find candidates for commissions, but if there is already a shortage of trainers, how or from where can it be made up? The members of a training staff are very highly specialised men, and, to say the least of it, there will be great difficulty in finding them.

We have had two examples of air exercises

lately, the first being a "sham fight" attack by Northland on Southland, the latter including London. There was even more than the unavoidable proportion of "sham" in this case, because the Territorial units which should have manned the defences were away in training camps elsewhere. The result was that there was a sad lack of searchlights, and to make up for this the raiders flew with their navigation lights on. The object of these exercises was to give training and practice rather than to attempt any test of offensive and defensive powers, so that there is the less lesson in them for us—except, as usual, that a good proportion of the raiders got through without being intercepted by the defence's fighters.

But the second exercises, in which raiding bombers had to attack Portsmouth, was the most revealing eye-opener we have had yet on the weakness, or one might almost say the uselessness, of our defences.

It is not too much to say that the bombers came and went as they pleased and that the whole of the military objectives in the Portsmouth-Southampton area would have been laid in ruins or left in one vast blazing bonfire if the attack had been real instead of sham.

The alarming weakness in the defences was in the failure of the searchlights to find the raiders, even after they had revealed their exact position by firing a Verrey light as a signal of having dropped their bombs.

The failure of searchlights and sound locaters to find their targets means much more than the wiping out of the anti-aircraft guns, as a part of the defence. This is a bad enough loss in itself, but the interceptor fighters are just as dependent on the help of the searchlights as the ground gunners are. The fact that the searchlights with crews working in the closest co-operation with the sound locaters failed to catch more than an occasional momentary glimpse of a raider here and there, and immediately lose him, means that the sound instruments would also be useless to direct the gunners in "blind shooting."

Our ground defences are in the hands of our Territorials and a Corps of Observers who are volunteers without pay, uniform or rank. The men of this Corps are keen and as efficient as they can hope to be with infrequent practice and little or no encouragement or thanks.

As I read this lesson, it means that we must have a very considerable proportion of our defenders in units of the Regular Forces, whether Army or R.A.F. We must have immediate research carried out for the improvement of sound locating instruments, increasing the range, and cloud or mist penetrating powers of searchlights, and must have the continual training in the use of these.

Until immediate steps—or rather vast strides—are made in this direction, every city and military objective in the Kingdom is at the mercy of air raiders.

PATRIOTS IN EXILE

By a Briton in the French Foreign Legion

HE would indeed be a poor specimen of a Briton abroad whose heart did not beat a little faster with pride and whose thoughts did not turn with a special yearning to the old country in this Jubilee year.

Of all His Majesty's subjects abroad those who feel their position most keenly are undoubtedly those living under a foreign flag, and especially those of us in the Legion, who have no opportunity of gathering together from time to time as do the civilians. We are exiles and we feel that we are exiles and, in a sense, temporary outcasts.

Conservatives, Liberals, Socialists, Scots, English and Irish, we may disagree among ourselves, and frequently do, but let any foreigner say one word against the Empire and private differences are forgotten in the twinkling of an eye and he is met by a united front.

On the rare occasions when we are in a town which houses a British Consul, what is it that appeals most to us? The dear old "rag" flying outside the Consulate makes us pull our shoulders back a bit and lift our head a bit higher. During the last few years criticism of our Government by foreigners has been fierce, scornful and sneering, but *never* have I heard from the lips of the most virulent anglo-phobe one word of criticism or obloquy levelled at His Majesty. On the contrary, they have often asked me; "What must your

King think of it all? Why doesn't he kick his ministers out?" If only I could explain to them!

Alas! it is only too true that the British flag does not command the respect that once it did and we suffer insults from China, Russia and Spain which even a pre-war Liberal Government would have answered "*vi et armis*."

Never shall I forget an incident which took place a few years ago. The captain of a homeward-bound British tramp discharging in a French colonial port had, rightly or wrongly, seen fit to take on board and extend his protection to an English deserter from the Foreign Legion whose mother was dying in a west-country village. An hour or two before the ship was due to sail the dock police hailed the skipper from the quayside and told him they had reason to believe that the deserter was on board. They demanded the right to search the ship.

The captain spoke down to them from the main deck and, when they became threatening, he called to them to hold hard a minute. Disappearing below, he was back in less than a minute, carrying a bundle under his arm. Approaching the gangway he stooped and spread the Union Jack on it.

"That's my King's flag," he told them, "and the deserter's his subject. Come and take him, if you dare!"

They daredn't, and the ship sailed to schedule.

The Greater Question

By Robert Machray

BY most of our newspapers the present week is declared to be one of momentous importance—with "destiny knocking at the door," to quote one of the clichés used. Another journal more simply spoke of a "week of fate," and though it scarcely seems probable that the Council of the League, with its opening meeting last Wednesday, will be able to dispose as quickly as all that of the subject for the consideration of which it was convened, yet there is truth in the idea conveyed that another high crisis in the politics of Europe, if not the world, is upon us.

This crisis is identified with the fate of the League of Nations by a majority of these papers. To them the problem to be solved is that of the preservation of the League—as if that was the one thing that mattered! They are quite unconscious of the fact that the far greater and graver question posed by the situation as it is to-day is the question of the preservation of England and the Empire. It is this problem that lies at the heart of the crisis.

After the proved and indeed admitted incompetence of the League during the last three or four years, an incompetence marked by the definitive withdrawal of Japan and the retirement of Germany, as well as the non-League termination of the war in the Gran Chaco, it is perfectly amazing to find that so many people in this country believe, or at any rate give out that they believe, in the power of the League, clamour for "sanctions," and shout, "Stand by the League." Of course, nobody in Britain, except the mad pacifists, is so insane as to desire war, though that will not prevent war from coming as come it will, League or no League.

FOOLISH AND FANTASTIC

Unfortunately, however, it is the case that those who shout for the League have the support of Mr. Baldwin's statement that the Covenant is the sheet-anchor of British foreign policy, but this is a statement which will be shown before long by the very march of events to be the foolish, fantastic thing it really is. It is the case, too, that our fatuous Government as a whole stands by the League, but if popular report is to be credited, the Cabinet is not so united as was generally supposed, and there are occasional gleams of sanity even in Whitehall regarding the League.

The crux of the League problem is the application or non-application of sanctions in the particular instance of Italy, but this again involves a question which goes to the root of the whole business, namely, is the League, if by any chance it voted for sanctions against Italy, in a position to apply them effectively? It has been informed more than once by Signor Mussolini in the most unmistakable terms that he will resist the imposition of sanctions, and he has given fresh and

formidable point to his words by calling up more and more men. It is stupid in the extreme to allege that he is merely putting up a tremendous bluff. It is plain enough that he means what he says, and this can only import that the application of sanctions to Italy will result in WAR.

Who will in reply to Mussolini make war on Italy? The League? In the League there is one Power and only one Power in a position to do that, and that Power is France, with military forces at all adequate to the effort, which would have to be colossal to succeed. No one in his senses believes for a moment that France would or will attempt anything of the sort—there is a good deal of comment in our papers on the attitude of France which is the merest humbug and hypocrisy on their part.

PRECIOUS ALLIANCE

After years of discord, France and Italy came to terms—made what should be called an alliance—only a few months ago. The agreement, which had been secured with difficulty, was precious to France, who never forgets the unrelenting hostility to her of Germany, and certainly will not forget it at the present juncture. Mussolini has just closed manoeuvres on a large scale in the area of the Brenner, and it is immensely significant that the military correspondent of *one of the papers supporting our wretched Government* has pointed out what that agreement in practice means.

He stated that from what he had seen of these manoeuvres there was no doubt that active military conversations by the Italians were going on with the French, and he added:

The presence of the Commander of the 15th French Corps from Marseilles, whose corps is destined to reinforce the Italians on the Brenner, the imminent withdrawal of the French and Italian troops from the common frontier, and finally, the visit of Marshal Badoglio, Chief of the Combined Staff, to Paris, indicate clearly the line that French policy will take at Geneva.

If this is the truth, as no doubt it is, sanctions will not be applied by France. Then who is to apply them? England? And with what or whose support? The fact is that out of our Government's blind devotion to the impotent League there has developed a very serious situation for our country, a situation that is full of peril, because the weakness of our military power has been exposed to all the world. Our little and ill-equipped Army, shrunken and obsolescing Navy, and inadequate strength in the Air are evaluated throughout Europe far more correctly than they are by most of our people at home. And what is this weakness but an invitation to attack? It is not the fate of the League, now a transient and embarrassed phantom if ever there was one, that is at stake; it is the fate of England and the Empire that hangs in the balance.

More About the Comintern

By Meriel Buchanan

IT may be remembered that in my last article I spoke about the Comintern, or Third Communist International, and emphasized the significance of the World Congress which had just taken place in Moscow. The Note presented by the United States to the Soviet Government bears out my statement that the Comintern are carrying on a continual and intensive propaganda all over the world, their aim being to undermine the basic security of all nations, and prepare the way for a world revolution.

It is a somewhat malign stroke of fortune that the person charged with delivering America's Note to the Soviet should have been Mr. W. C. Bullitt, the present United States Ambassador in Moscow, for it was this same Mr. Bullitt, who, sixteen years ago, was sent to Russia, to confer with Lenin, Chicherin and Litvinoff, and returned full of admiration for the Bolshevik leaders, and greatly impressed with the strength and consolidation of their government. It was this same Mr. Bullitt too, who imbued Mr. Lloyd George with some of his enthusiasm for the new régime in Russia, and acted for him in the negotiations for the Prinkipo Meeting. However, in spite of Mr. Bullitt's ardour, America refused to recognise the Soviet at that time, and the words of Bainbridge College, the Secretary of State, may be remembered.

"It is not possible," he said, "for the Government of the U.S.A. to recognise the present rulers of Russia as a Government with which relations, common to friendly Governments, can be maintained . . . Moreover, the Russian Government is itself subject to the control of a political faction, with intensive international ramifications, through the Third International, and this body, which is heavily subsidised by the Bolshevik Government from the public revenues of Russia, has, for its openly avowed aim, the promotion of Bolshevik revolutions throughout the world . . . The leaders of the Bolsheviks have boasted that their promises of non-interference with other nations would in no way bind the agents of this body."

THE ANSWER AS BEFORE

The activities, both of the Comintern and of the Soviet Government, during the last few years have entirely born out the truth of this warning, for the Comintern has continued its propaganda, unhampered by any promises which the Soviet leaders have made to foreign Governments, and to any remonstrance made by the same Governments, Stalin and his satellites have always had the one, unalterable answer: "The Comintern is an international organisation and the Soviet Government has no means of influencing its decision or activities."

In his book "Why Recognise Russia?" published in 1931, Mr. Louis Fischer, urges America to recognise the Soviet, declaring, paradoxically enough, that Russia cannot live and grow without

exports, and at the same time that she is too rich a country, and the Soviets too powerful a body, to be kept underfoot, and that hindrance and boycotting would only turn her into a dangerous and embittered enemy. As regards the activities of the Comintern, Mr. Fischer make an equivocal statement: "The Soviet Government," he says, "denies any relations, and in International Law its word must be accepted, until incontrovertible documentary evidence demonstrates the contrary."

The word of the Soviet Government! The word of men like Stalin, Litvinoff, Rykoff, Molotoff and Kagaonitch! What do the ethics, the honour and standing of International Law mean to men who for years have waded in blood, who ridicule Religion and govern through terror and slavery?

BROKEN PROMISES

When the recognition of Russia was under discussion, Litvinoff promised the U.S.A.: "Not to permit the formation or residence on its territory of any organisation or group and to prevent the activity on its territory of any organisation or group or of representatives or officials of any organisation or group, which has as its aim, the overthrow of, or bringing about the force of a change in, the political or social order of the whole, or any part of the United States, its territories or possessions." Has the Soviet Government carried out this undertaking?

When the so-called "temporary" Agreement was made with England, the Soviet undertook to settle the question of the debts to British subjects, and also to put an end to any propaganda or subversive activities by Communist agents. "The Contracting Parties," runs the clause regarding propaganda, "solemnly affirm their desire and intention to live in peace and amity . . . scrupulously to respect the undoubted rights of a state to order its own life within its own jurisdiction, in its own way, to refrain and to restrain all persons and organisations under their direct or indirect control, including organisations in receipt of any finance and assistance from them, from any act, overt or covert liable in any way whatsoever to endanger the tranquillity or prosperity of any part of the British Empire or the Union of Soviet Republics, or intended to embitter the relations of the British Empire or the Union with their neighbours or any other country."

Have either of these promises been kept? It is true that the ambiguous words of the agreement may mean a great deal or very little, but there can be no denying the phrase "organisations under direct or indirect control." The Soviet may indeed pretend that the Comintern is not controlled or subsidised by the Government, but can they deny

that Stalin and other leaders of the Council are members of this organisation?

In the answering Note sent to the United States the Soviet have characteristically declaimed responsibility for the Comintern, but they go a step further, for they disclaim all the undertakings originally given by Litvinoff: "It is certainly not unknown to the Government of the United States" they say, "that the Government of the U.S.S.R. cannot take upon itself and had never taken upon itself obligations of any kind in regard to the Communist International." The subterfuge and sophism of this phrase are well in keeping with the rest of the Soviet's dealings with foreign Powers and should prove how little faith can be placed in their promises.

When in 1930 Stalin declared that the only propaganda Russia was interested in was practical Soviet success, he was only evading the issue, for he was fully aware that to obtain Soviet success, propaganda was indispensable, and he had then, and has now, no intention of diminishing that propaganda or renouncing his co-operation with the Comintern.

I have often heard it said that there is no danger of Communism in England, a profound belief in the integrity of the British workman, in the loyalty of the populace, in the unshakable foundations of the Empire, seems to pervade the general public. And yet all the time the *Daily Worker*, subsidised by the Soviet, is increasing its sales, Communist

"cells" are growing in number, and only the other day in one of the biggest of the West End cinemas, when in a News Reel, among other political leaders, the picture of Stalin appeared on the screen, it was the only one that was greeted by an outburst of cheering and clapping!

Revolution! I have been assured that it is impossible in England. And yet such a little spark will set alight that mob madness which drives men into ravening beasts, and once alight, neither reason, common sense or judgment can stay it. Only as long as there is peace can the danger of a world revolution be averted.

As long as there is peace! And now the talk of war is on everyone's lips, for or against, one hears it on all sides. It is dangerous talk. By her present attitude, England is fostering that danger, while the pacifists urge the upholding of the League of Nations, the many would-be philanthropists blather about the wrongs of the Abyssinians and criticise the actions of Mussolini, and the Socialists seize the opportunity to stir up trouble among the Trade Unions and urge them to declare strikes against "Fascism and War."

Let the Pacifists take warning. Their attitude in the present crisis may just as surely make them responsible for war as the German Military Party was responsible for the hell of 1914-1918. That war ended in the overthrow of three great Empires, the next war might mean the end of the present civilisation and the ruin of the British Empire!

RACING

The Gamble of Yearling Sales

By David Learmonth

NEXT week many breeders fortunate enough to have their stock included in the world's premier bloodstock sales will be hovering anxiously round the Doncaster auction ring. For, though everyone talks glibly enough of "the lottery of yearling buying," not so many people realise that there is a lot of luck in the selling as well.

I do not mean to say that it is not possible to predict with certainty that a certain yearling will fetch a high price. This is comparatively simple; but when it comes to estimating how high this price will be, it is a very different story.

When a well-made, racing-like son of a fashionable sire and a mare which has produced one or two smashers, or which is the dam of the leading two-year old, comes into the sale ring, a nincompoop could prophesy that several thousand guineas will be bid before Mr. Tattersall lets his hammer fall; but whether it will be six thousand or twelve thousand, no one can say with certainty; so many factors, some of them mere accidents, must be taken into consideration.

In the first place it must be recognised that the bidder, who had no intention of paying this price

judgment of no two people is exactly alike. It may be that the majority of wealthy buyers, or those advising them, after carefully studying the lots on offer before the sale, have set their hearts on acquiring other animals and are only prepared to purchase the yearling in question if it goes for what they consider a reasonable figure. On the other hand, two giants of the sale ring may have it firmly fixed in their minds that this is the outstanding colt of the year and, though both may prove to be wrong, they indulge in a battle royal, with perhaps a little personal jealousy thrown in, until the guineas mount into the five figure region.

I have seen some queer happenings at the Doncaster sales. I remember one occasion when an owner wanted to buy a yearling which he thought he would get for about four thousand guineas. He met with some unexpected opposition which raised the price some five hundred guineas over his estimate, and was just congratulating himself that his opponent was weakening when a third and very wealthy individual who had, it was discovered, imbibed too freely, joined in and raised the price higher and higher to within the region of ten thousand guineas. The original bidder, who had no intention of paying this price

if he could help it, had continued to bid as long as he dared with the sole object of making the drunken plutocrat pay as dearly as possible for his interference. He now dropped out and left the other to hold a very expensive baby.

The fortunate stud owner thus received some five thousand pounds more than he had expected and, as things turned out, about ten thousand pounds more than the colt was worth, as it proved utterly useless.

Actually, surprisingly few very high priced yearlings have justified their owner's outlay upon them. There have been, of course, exceptions. Mr. Robert Sievier gave the then staggering price of some ten thousand guineas for Sceptre and, as everyone knows, his judgment was fully vindicated. Lord Glanely paid twelve thousand guineas for Singapore and had the satisfaction of winning the St. Leger with him. Singapore proved well worth the money; on the other hand, two expensive purchases which Lord Glanely made some years before, Westward Ho! and Blue Ensign, proved less fortunate, though Westward

Ho! had luck gone more his way, might have proved himself a very good horse.

To offset this, Lord Glanely paid only four hundred guineas for his Derby winner, Grand Parade, which he bought as a foal.

The high prices which many yearlings fetch at Doncaster and other sales may give the impression to the layman that one has only to have sufficient capital to stock a stud farm to secure a substantial income for the rest of one's life. Though many studs make big average profits, this is far from the case.

The cost of breeding a yearling of the highest class is estimated at the stallion's fee plus three hundred pounds. This is supposed to cover all overhead expenses, interest on the capital value of the mare, insurance, replacement, etc. Six or seven hundred pounds must, therefore, be obtained before any profit is made at all and, in exceptional cases, as much as eight hundred pounds. In the case of less ambitious studs, the cost of producing a yearling is correspondingly smaller; but they cannot expect to receive such high prices.

Our New Warplanes

By Major Oliver Stewart

TWO thousand new aeroplanes are being ordered for the Royal Air Force. They comprise all types, from interceptor fighters to heavy bombers, and they will complete the process, begun during Lord Londonderry's administration, of bringing the performance of British military aeroplanes up to the highest standards reached by foreign machines. Unfortunately, however, there are signs that, at the moment British military aeroplanes are able with justice to claim equality of speed and climb with any others in the world, including the American, they will be forced to relinquish their claim to equality of armament.

Importance of Fire Power

In fighting in the air the emphasis is veering from the aeroplane to the gun. It is no longer sufficient to have equality of performance without equality of fire power. That is the great lesson of the moment, a lesson which the British air authorities show no evidence of having learnt.

I have examined the plans made by the Air Ministry for the re-equipment of Air Force units and for the equipment of new units, and I can find no indication that the Air Council has even begun to grasp the enormous importance which fire power has suddenly assumed in aerial defence. We have some exceptionally fine aeroplanes coming forward. Bombers with speeds of over 250 m.p.h. and single-seater fighters with speeds of 300 m.p.h. But none of these machines—in the form in which the orders have gone out—is equipped with the motor-cannon.

A full description of this device was given in a previous article of mine in the *Saturday Review*. I think I was the first to point out its tactical significance and to explain why, in its latest form, it is so great an advance upon the crude and undeveloped form in which it was tried during the war of 1914. I wrote about it in daily papers, in weekly papers and in monthly papers. The subject was taken up by others, though often without a full realisation of the tactical points and sometimes without even a scanty knowledge of the gun itself.

Briefly the motor-cannon is a 20 mm. gun built into the aeroplane engine, whose mass absorbs part of the recoil. It fires a 5 ounce explosive shell through the airscrew boss, the barrel lying between the cylinder blocks, and so it needs no synchronising gear. It has a high muzzle velocity and it can fire at the rate of 280 rounds a minute. *Its effective air fighting range is more than double that of the machine gun.*

Success in France

The motor-cannon doubles the "reach" of the single-seater fighter pilot. It has been put through firing trials by the French Government and has emerged from them with sufficient success to secure a quantity order. It has been successfully mounted in the Fairey Fantome fighter which is capable of a speed of more than 250 m.p.h. and which mounts, in addition to the cannon, four machine guns.

There may be—there probably are—snags in the use of this gun. More development work will be needed upon it before it reaches the stage of trustworthiness (still not very high) of the

machine gun. But no reason has been given for suggesting that it will not reach that stage, and reach it quickly. Then every fighter without the motor-cannon will be out of date.

It is to be remembered that, without the engine to absorb the recoil, the 20 mm. gun is of almost no value, because then its muzzle velocity and its no-allowance range must be drastically reduced. It is only when mounted to the engine and given a high muzzle velocity and long range that it is so completely overwhelms the ordinary machine gun.

For the interception of bombing squadrons the fighter aeroplane equipped with the motor-cannon will be at least three times as effective as the fighter without it. *Yet none of the new Air Force machines—according to the existing plans—is to have it.*

It is imperative that those plans be altered before it is too late and a proportion of the new fighters be equipped with motor-cannons. Otherwise a large proportion of our 2,000 new aeroplanes are out of date before they are made.

Why Pay Your M.P.'s?

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

IN the whole history of the English Constitution no greater mistake has been made than that of the payment of Members of Parliament. By this action of a Liberal administration the whole tone of the House of Commons has been lowered. By it, some support has been given to the now recurrent demands for the payment of town councillors, the making of increased grants to mayors, and the subsidising in one form or another, of Tom, Dick and Harry, so that the ideal of unremunerated service is no more. And, finally, the idea of the payment of Members is based upon a completely erroneous conception of the purpose and functions of the House of Commons. True Conservatism would have none of it, and Conservatism must sweep away this twentieth century innovation, incidentally saving the country some hundreds of thousands a year.

It is obvious from the outset that to pay Members of Parliament, is to fling open the doors of public life to that most objectionable and most useless of persons, the professional politician, a person to whom politics is not the service of England and the translation into action of an ideal for his country, but a rough and ready game with the personal gain of power and of office as the prize. It is to the professional politician that we owe the full realisation of Walter Bagehot's fears, fears expressed in the "English Constitution," which he wrote in 1872, with a clarity of foresight never surpassed:

In setting what the questions brought before the masses shall be, statesmen have now especially a great responsibility. If they raise questions which will excite the lower orders of mankind; if they raise questions on which those orders are likely to be wrong; if they raise questions on which the interest of those orders is not identical with, or is antagonistic to the whole interest of the state, they will have done the greatest harm they can do. The future of this country depends on the happy working of a delicate experiment. Just when it is desirable that ignorant men, new to politics, should have good issues and only good issues put before them, these statesmen will have suggested bad issues.

They will have suggested topics which will bind the poor as a class together; topics which will excite them against the rich; topics the discussion of which in the only form in which that discussion reaches their ear will be to make them think that some new law can make them comfortable; that it is the present law which makes them uncomfortable—that the Government has at

its disposal an inexhaustible fund out of which it can give to those who now want without also creating elsewhere other and greater wants.

What harm can be done by a current belief "that the Government has at its disposal an inexhaustible fund out of which it can give" we now know to our immeasurable cost, but even the clear-sighted Bagehot did not foresee that the day would come in England when professional politicians would use that idea to catch votes, *while themselves drawing upon Government funds.*

To permit payment for political service is to encourage the man out for himself, and to admit the possibility of corruption. Those who defend such payment have but one argument. It is that to withhold payment is to shut the poor man from active political life. But unless a poor man possesses some outstanding ability, he has no claim to a place among the nation's legislators, and those who possess outstanding ability either earn money or obtain money through patronage. The belief that it is possible to transport "a typical working man" into the House of Commons is fallacious in the extreme. Your typical British workman has no desire to sit in Parliament, and those who have such aspirations adopt a changed manner of life with all speed. Witness the first "Labour" representatives, now well furnished with titles, different dress, and sons at public schools.

From the "leisured" classes, who have time to fit themselves for political service and who have knowledge of a wider world, and from those of outstanding ability whatever their class, it is certainly possible to find the requisite number of members who will uphold their position with some honour, and form an unnamed committee to whom the brilliant must prove their worth before pressing forward to posts of ministerial responsibility. Membership of the House of Commons is open to any man who can prove his worth, but true Conservatism does not consider a gift of easy speech and a present from a fund qualities sufficient to the making of a legislator. It is the aim of true Conservatism, not that men should rise easily, but that in rising they should rise high, increasing the credit of the nation and intent upon the good of the whole, whether in Imperial or in local affairs.

The Tragedy of Lawrence

By H. Warner Allen

LAURENCE OF ARABIA dreamed a dream and fate compelled him, almost against his will, to make it a reality, but it lasted only for an instant and flickered out in the moment of victory. His vision built up an Arab Kingdom bounded by the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Persian Gulf and the Tigris, a country as vast as India united to England by gratitude for the liberty it had won, a power that would have been a sure bulwark to our vital communications to the East.

His dream collapsed because the leaders in England were men without vision and without courage. During the War they made promises to right and left, utterly regardless of the contradiction that existed between those promises. They had not even decided which promises they would keep and which they would break and the result was the pitiful confusion which Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson made worse confounded at Versailles.

BITTER TRIUMPH

Probably no single person during the Great War accomplished so much for his country as Lawrence. Certainly no man received less reward for his services. It is true that honours were offered to him, but he rejected them all contemptuously. The man who had been practical ruler of the Arab Kingdom asked nothing better than to be forgotten as Aircraftsman Shaw. For Lawrence was ashamed of himself and his success. He knew all the time that the men in England, whose honour he was pledging, would break their faith as soon as opportunity offered and he felt himself dishonoured. That is why he has left as a memorial of his hopes and disappointment the great history of his campaigns in "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" (Jonathan Cape, 30/-).

In order to attain his object of winning victory in the East, Lawrence had to become an Arab. He had to sacrifice his individuality as an Englishman and learn to outdo the Arab in all those exploits which they prized most highly. When they hungered he starved, when on camel back they rode to the limits of their powers, he exceeded their endurance. In all things he had to go one better than the people whom he had adopted. And the life of the desert is hard—hard beyond the conception of civilisation. Physically and mentally he suffered wounds—for he was highly sensitive—that mortified when he felt that he had been false to the salt of his friends.

The cry of liberty in the desert was raised with the mysterious enthusiasm which religions have always recruited from its mysterious spaces. The Bedouin of the desert lives very close to God and, again and again, his protest against the lusts of the flesh has broken into history. Lawrence's

followers accepted his doctrine of Arab freedom and followed him and his friends as in the past they followed prophets.

In a way the men whom he describes so vividly have a resemblance to the Homeric heroes. They have the same simplicity, the same craftiness and greater loyalty. His genius saw that they could not fight on European lines and modified their raiding customs for war against the Turk. They were everywhere and nowhere, intangible yet always striking at vital points, and their mobility made light of every German plan.

They went happily into battle, following this foreigner whom they regarded as one of themselves, because he had proved himself superior. They even forgot their tribal feuds in the joy of blowing up enemy railway lines and raiding the Turk in the good cause of Arab freedom.

It is the modern habit to diminish the greatness of all great men. Little-minded, irresponsible writers ferret out with malicious glee the failings and shortcomings of men who bore the burden of great responsibilities and accomplished noble deeds. Lawrence has told the worst about himself with such fearless sincerity that it will be hard indeed for men of little mind to make scorn and mockery of his achievement. Indeed they may even be driven to do him justice, because he is so often conspicuously unjust to himself.

VEILED IN MYSTERY

From beginning to end Lawrence's life was veiled in a glamour of mystery. A certain number of historic heroes have had legends built around them for that same mystery, legends that they could never die, so King Arthur is waiting to return from his island valley of Avilion and Charlemagne and his Paladins are sitting in a secret place among the mountains waiting for the appointed time when they shall stride forth with their drawn swords to establish justice.

So it was with Kitchener. His people would not let him die and for years after the tragic loss of the "Hampshire" there were many who were sure that he was not dead, but still served his country in disguise. The same legend has sprung up with Lawrence of Arabia. His fantastic career and commonplace end seem too incongruous to the foreigner. In France to-day newspapers recount that Lawrence did not die in a motor bicycle accident, but that he disappeared to accomplish the greatest work of his life in secret service work against the Soviet. Only the other day a highly placed Italian officer wrote to a friend in England asking him for full details as to Lawrence's death and supposed burial, because he was convinced that, under some new name, Lawrence was at work in Abyssinia.

There could be no higher tribute to Lawrence's greatness.

FOUR REASONS for a PC

1. Protection of Naval bases.
2. Frontier and "police" duties.
3. Home Defence.
4. Field Forces available for sudden emergencies.

I OPEN our foremost Service Journal to find a distinguished officer telling us, "The Army is short of recruits." For this he blames pacifist propaganda and war scare-mongering in the Press. Both of these "keep back young men, and cause the friends and relations of others to dissuade them from enlisting." It is an old story; but never so deadly dangerous as it is to-day. The thirteen volumes of Fortesque's "History of the British Army" show at intervals in the index: "Dearth of Recruits" and "Army Below Establishment."

But those were leisurely times. To-morrow's stroke, as modern battle-planners see it, is a lightning "knock-out"—the *Niederwerfungskrieg* of Germany's new tactical school. Will not our slow-thinking people realise this before the "Too

Late" dirge of Lloyd George's sombre reproach becomes an irretrievable fact?

Our French friends read Defence debates in the Commons with wonder. On the mind of M. Wladimir d'Ormesson (of the *Figaro*) they leave "a singular impression of weakness and strength in equal measure." They give him also "a complete portrait of England, with her unchanging qualities and habitual defects. Once more we see a nation splendidly resolved to face the perils that threaten her—and not less resolved to do nothing to avert these perils! A powerful people are the



A Machine Gun Section of the Royal Tank Corps



England, like this Scottish sniper, must be prepared.

English; they allow themselves every luxury—even the luxury of danger!"

Have we any clear aim? The White Paper (Cmd. 4827) "presented by the Prime Minister to Parliament by Command of His Majesty" lays down that: "The establishment of peace on a permanent footing is the principal aim of British foreign policy." But this is an unattainable aim, as our annals show with pitiless iteration down the centuries, from Poitiers to Passchaendale. Sooner or later, Britain's friendly handshake has met the Mailed Fist!

Our Army is like no other. Its duties cover the whole Empire, which is to say one fourth of the globe. Mr. Duff Cooper told the House of Commons "he had been asked to 'explain' why it existed?" So he set out "the victories of Peace" which were all unknown; "the battles that were never fought." One of these was in an ugly Near East crisis. A battalion of the Northhamptons was swooped to the danger-spot of Iraq in big aerial troop-carriers of the R.A.F. "And without a single rifle going off—or even a Supplementary Estimate!—peace and quiet were restored!"

Well might the Minister "think it a pity the War Office did not indulge in publicity and propaganda." Our Services have no greater need than this, if the masses are to appreciate the patriotism and devotion of all ranks, the good humour and courage that mark "bloodless" events in the marches of Empire through all the Seven Seas. To these unadvertised qualities Mr. Duff

POWERFUL ARMY

By
Ignatius Phayre



of the Royal Warwickshires in action



More men, more guns, and other nations may begin to respect us once again. At the moment we are under strength in every department.

Cooper paid due tribute: "Without them, it would be impossible for so small a force to fulfil duties of such vast magnitude."

But he also had to "explain" an increase in the Army Estimates, lest it should be said "they showed a war-like spirit!"

Labour critics in the House point to an increase of £9,000,000 in the Estimates since 1932. This "ought to be spent on feeding, clothing and housing the people." The mania for diverting defence-funds is ingrained: only the "sheer ignorance" that old Johnson pleaded can excuse it. The Imperial Police-Force, which is our Army, is in sore need of *liaison* with the public at large. Its four specific purposes should be made clear by tireless method. For if it fails in these, our world-empire may collapse.

To put them briefly: No. 1 is the protection of our Naval Bases. No. 2 is the defence of certain frontiers, and the keeping of order in territories where we have serious obligations: India, Egypt, the Soudan and Suez Canal. In 1929, by the way, the unique distinction fell to us of being rebuked by the League of Nations for not maintaining larger armed forces!

Home defence is purpose No. 3: the safeguarding of that power-house; the great reserve and arsenal which is the seat and centre of an Empire without a peer in human annals. And lastly, we must have a Field Force available for any sharp emergency overseas, due to those "imponderables" of which grim Bismarck took account. Here one

recalls that assassin-shot in Sarajevo—an obscure, unheard-of town—which was so soon to set the whole world aflame and change all our maps.

What is the moral of all this? That the vital mission of our Army should be broadcast, and with it the perils of an "economy" which can be paltry as well as dangerous in the extreme. So inveterate is this turn of mind, that we find Sir Fabian Ware, as Vice-Chairman of the Imperial War-Graves Commission, assuring an Empire League Conference in London that £2,000,000 had been "saved" on the headstones of our host of heroes killed in the Great War!

It was ever so—as Mr. Churchill records so bitterly in his great work on Marlborough's battling genius—in diplomacy as well as in the field. After the Peace of Ryswick in 1697, we had 87,000 veteran Regulars. King William III wanted these cut down to 30,000. But his Ministers, aware of the nation's languor, asked Parliament for no more than 10,000 men. The result was a grudging Vote for an "Army" of 7,000! And for that imbecility we were soon to pay the usual heavy price in blood and money!

"Now, after Ryswick," Mr. Churchill says, "as at Utrecht, as at Paris in 1763; as after the Napoleonic Wars and Waterloo—and after Armageddon!—the island mainspring of the life and peace of Europe broke; and England, amid a babel of voices, dissolved in faction, disbanded her Armies and sought to repay the strifes and hardships of war-time upon the men who had carried her through!"

TO
LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.,
WHO STROVE SO NOBLY AND COURAGEOUSLY TO
PREVENT THE SURRENDER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE,
THIS PLAY,
CENTRED ROUND THE GREATEST ENGLISHMAN WHO HAS
RULED IN INDIA,
IS MOST GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

PERIOD: Between 1775 and 1795.

The Action of the Play takes place in Calcutta and London.

PROLOGUE ... Mrs. Grand's Bedchamber

Prologue (CONTINUED.)

The scene is laid in George Francis Grand's house during the Governor-Generalship of Warren Hastings. Grand has gone out to a supper party, leaving his beautiful girl-wife alone and bored. She is retiring to bed when a tap at the window startles her. It is Philip Francis, Member of the Council, and Warren Hastings' most vindictive enemy, who is infatuated with Mrs. Grand. The sixteen-year-old girl admits him to the bedroom and permits his embraces. He rises to snuff out the candles on the mantel-shelf when there is a furious knocking at the door. . . .

GRAND (without): Catherine, Catherine! What the devil does this mean?

MRS. GRAND: Mon dieu! C'est mon mari!

FRANCIS: Damnation!

He drops the snuffer and looks round at her with alarm. Mrs. Grand, womanlike, is instantly alert. Casting one reproachful look at Francis, she springs from the sofa and while she arranges her disordered dress, calls out.

MRS. GRAND: One moment, my dear! I open the door.

Turning to Francis she signals towards the window by which he has entered. He seizes his hat, unbars the window and steps out on to the verandah just as Mrs. Grand unbolts the bedroom door R. The moment the bolt is withdrawn the door is roughly pushed open and George Francis Grand rushes into the room, followed by Alexander Macrabie, Francis' brother-in-law.

Grand is a man of gigantic stature and full body. He is gaily dressed in a blue velvet coat, flowered waistcoat, white satin knee breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes and hair in a queue. He carries his drawn sword in his hand. Macrabie, a little man also in gala dress, stands in the open doorway.

Mrs. Grand, who goes forward to embrace her husband, shrinks back in terror from his drawn sword and his furious looks. Grand glances round the room, notices the open window by which Francis has just made his exit, and strides towards it.

GRAND: Damnation! As I feared!

MRS. GRAND (seizing his arm falteringly): Husband, what is the matter? Why are you in this rage?

GRAND (pushing her hand aside): Why is your door bolted against me?

MRS. GRAND (ingenuously): La, Grand, what is a girl to do when her husband goes out at night and leaves her alone? Sure I locked myself in for fear of robbers.

GRAND (pointing to the open window): With that window open? Strumpet! A robber has but now gone out thence. But he won't escape me. Let me go, you—

He advances towards the open window, Mrs. Grand clinging to him and shrieking. Macrabie runs forward

WARREN H

A Play consisting of
Prologue and IV Acts

By

Hamish Blair
& Helen White

(Note.—With hardly any exceptions the characters and incident are true to history. There has been some re-arrangement in the chronological order of the events).

from the doorway as though to restrain him. Just as he reaches the window, Francis appears, framed in the opening. His arms are folded, his look is a compound of bravado and embarrassment. Mrs. Grand at sight of him falls silent, lets go her husband and sinks back fainting into the arms of Macrabie, who supports her to the sofa.

Grand checks at the sight of Francis, and his frenzy is replaced by an air of sardonic triumph. He drops the point of his sword and makes a sweeping bow.

GRAND (with freezing politeness): Your servant, Mr. Francis. I crave pardon for the stupidity of my servants in removing the ladder by which you gained entrance.

FRANCIS (coolly): I thought as much. Well, Mr. Grand, I could have wished to visit your house under more favourable circumstances. Nevertheless, sir, I assure you, on my honour—

GRAND (furiously): Your honour, sir! Your honour! Damn your honour! Draw before I kill you in the presence of your mistress.

He brandishes his sword and retreats a couple of paces into the room to enable Francis to enter. Francis stands immovable, with the mocking smile of one who knows himself to be the superior of the two. Grand stamps with rage.

GRAND: Come on, seducer, adulterer, midnight thief! Am I to dub you coward into the bargain?

Macrabie comes forward to the angry man.

FRANCIS: Your rage is forgivable, Mr. Grand, but I cannot oblige you. In the first place I have done you no wrong. In the second place I have no sword.

GRAND: That excuse shall not serve you. Mr. Macrabie, do me the favour to lend him yours.

MACRABIE: Mine is a foot too short.

GRAND (wildly): Then die, you scoundrel, in your villiany!

He lunges at Francis, but Macrabie, a short powerful man, knocks up his arm, sends the sword clattering to the ground, and seizes him with difficulty round his enormous body.

MACRABIE: Are you mad, Grand? To kill a member of Council unarmed would be murder. No provocation could save you.

GRAND (struggling): I'll strangle the ruffian! A sword is too good for him.

MACRABIE: Cannot you see that you have no cause?

GRAND (stops struggling in astonishment): No cause! Good God, sir, would you be made a cuckold, and not kill?

HASTINGS

MACRABIE: I'll swear you are mistaken. My brother-in-law has not seduced your wife.

FRANCIS (*advancing into the room*): Mr. Macrabie speaks the truth, Mr. Grand. I plead guilty to an act of folly, but to nothing more. Your wife is innocent. There was no assignation. She was as amazed as you were when I made my way into her chamber.

Grand stands irresolute, then turns to look at his wife. Seeing her in a swoon, he moves to the couch and bends over her. Francis and Macrabie look at each other for a moment. Then Macrabie speaks.

MACRABIE: Gad, Philip, I never thought I should live to call you fool!

Francis shrugs his shoulders.

MACRABIE (*looking round*): Now's your opportunity. You can slip out while Grand is engaged in reviving his wife.

FRANCIS (*points to the open doorway, where half a dozen curious servants are to be seen*): 'Tis useless, brother. We must face things out. I have you to thank that that madman did not run me through. How came you to be with him?

Grand rises from his wife's side, proceeds to the open doorway, drives the servants off and passes through himself, leaving his wife, who is apparently still unconscious. Both men turn to look at him.

MACRABIE: I was at Barwell's table when a message was brought to Grand. He took it very ill, and begged our host to excuse him. Knowing your weakness for the lady I feared the worst and left the house in his wake. He cursed me as I followed him home, and once nearly drew on me. He said enough to confirm what I suspected. When we entered the compound his servants met us with a ladder—

FRANCIS: Trapped by servants! Damn!

MACRABIE: They told him that a Sahib had been seen ascending the ladder to the verandah off Mrs. Grand's bedchamber. Apparently they removed it as soon as you were safe and snug, and sent the message which brought Grand hotfoot from supper.

FRANCIS: Macrabie, unless this can be hushed up, I'm ruined.

MACRABIE: You should have thought of that, Philip, before you climbed into Mrs. Grand's bedchamber.

FRANCIS: Well, what's to be done? I dread the thought of Barwell and his crowd following you here. I must get away.

MACRABIE: Yes, don't delay. Leave Grand to me. The fellow is a mere bully, and his wife is merchantable.

Before Francis has time to make his getaway Grand returns with a glass of water and some brandy. Assisted by the ayah, who has returned with him, he succeeds in reviving his wife, and she sits up on the sofa with her husband bending over her. Francis in his concern advances a step or two in their direction. Grand straightens himself and looks fiercely at him.

FRANCIS (*bowing low*): Madam, in taking my leave, I crave ten thousand pardons for my intrusion. I live in hopes that some time I may

Persons in the Play

WARREN HASTINGS	First Governor-General of India
PHILIP FRANCIS	Member of Council
MAJ.-GENERAL SIR JOHN CLAVERING	" "
COL. THE HON. GEORGE MONSON	" "
RICHARD BARWELL	" "
JOHN MACPHERSON	Hastings' Successor
MAHARAJAH NUNDKUMAR	
GEORGE FRANCIS GRAND	
SIR ELIJAH IMPEY	Chief Justice of Supreme Court
SIR ROBERT CHAMBERS...	Judge of Supreme Court
SIR JOHN DAY	Advocate-General
ALEXANDER MACRABIE ...	Francis' Brother-in-law
FRANCIS DIBDIN	Writer, E.I. Company
CHARLES SUMNER	" "
EDGAR WILKINS	" "
CAPT. GERVASE BELLAMY	Sir John Clavering's Staff
LIEUT. ARTHUR FINCH ...	Royal Navy
MAJOR PALMER	Private Secy. to Hastings
CAPT. SANDS	Aide-de-Camp " "
MR. DALLAS	Hastings' Counsel
MR. LAW	" "
MR. PLOMER	" "
THE LORD CHANCELLOR	LADY DAY
(Lord Loughborough)	LADY CHAMBERS
COL. HENRY WATSON	MADAM D'ARBLAY
COLONEL PEARSE	MRS. CHOLMONDELEY
DR. CAMPBELL	MRS. BOSCAWEN
EDMUND BURKE	LADY SARAH MANDEVILLE
H.R.H. GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES	MRS. TIMMINS
DUKE OF NORFOLK	THE AYAH
MRS. GRAND	LADY IMPEY
MRS. HASTINGS	LADY CLAVERING
MISS BETTY SANDERSON	LADY ANNE MONSON
MRS. FAY	RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN
MISS GOLDBORNE	MR. WINDHAM
Serjeant-at-Arms, Garter	King-at-Arms, Peers'
Heralds, Ushers, Writers,	Chobdars, Sepoys,
(Hookahbards, Chuprassies, etc.	
(Most parts to be duplicated.)	

be forgiven. Mr. Grand, as one gentleman to another—

GRAND (*interrupting sneeringly*): A pretty gentleman, forsooth!

FRANCIS: I was about to say, where the man has played the fool the gentleman is neither afraid nor ashamed to make amends. Therefore, without further ado, I tender you my regrets for this affair. The fault, I repeat, is mine alone. Your wife is entirely innocent.

GRAND: Who bolted the door?

Mrs. Grand starts.

FRANCIS (*without hesitation*): I did.

Mrs. Grand smiles at him gratefully.

GRAND (*truculently*): You admit, then, that you, a Member of Council, a man more than twice her age, forced an entrance into her bedroom for the purpose of seducing an innocent and reluctant woman?

FRANCIS (*with dignity*): Mr. Grand, I have said all that needs to be said. 'Tis useless to prolong the argument. All I can say is that I am ready to make any amends in my power. Mr. Macrabie (*indicating him*) my near relative, is prepared to go fully into the business with you—and so I take my leave.

He bows profoundly to Mrs. Grand, who acknowledges

the salutation from her couch. Then strides to the door R and passes out, closing the door after him. When he is gone Grand turns and looks fixedly at his wife. Mrs. Grand smiles pitifully and tries to take his hand. He flings her off. Macrabie draws near the couple.

GRAND (*sardonically*): So, madam, you are an innocent and much wronged woman?

MRS. GRAND (*tearfully*): I swear it, Grand. Indeed, indeed, I have never wronged you, even in thought.

Macrabie coughs. They both start. Grand turns round with a scowl.

GRAND: Ah! You represent the gentleman who has just relieved us of his presence. And pray, what do you wish to represent to me?

MACRABIE: Why, sir, I could better open the matter if we two were alone.

MRS. GRAND (*rising and sighing deeply*): Grand, I feel faint again. Pray tell the ayah to take me into the next room.

GRAND (*turning impatiently to the ayah, who has been attending to her mistress*): Help the memsahib.

Mrs. Grand bows languidly to Macrabie, and passes out R with the ayah supporting her. As soon as she has gone Macrabie takes a pinch of snuff and offers his box to Grand, who declines it. Grand bows, points to the easy chair in which Francis has sat, and takes his own seat on the sofa.

There is a pause. Grand begins to fidget, takes snuff from his own snuff box and then breaks silence.

GRAND: I understand, sir, that you have been delegated by Mr. Francis to represent him in this painful affair. In other words, to act as his second. For my part I place myself in the hands of Major Palmer, and am prepared to fight at the time and place and with the weapons which you and he may decide upon.

MACRABIE: Why, sir, fighting was hardly in my mind. Why the devil should we fight?

GRAND: My home, sir, has been dishonoured. My wife has been assailed, if not overcome. The fact that Mr. Francis has been discovered in her bedchamber will be all over Calcutta to-morrow. These are wrongs which no man can submit to. I demand satisfaction for them.

MACRABIE: You have every right to it, Mr. Grand. But what satisfaction could you derive, either from killing Mr. Francis, or what would still be more unpleasant, from being killed by him? In the first event you would certainly be tried for murder. In the second you would be more or less murdered yourself. In either event your wife's name would be branded for ever. A duel has always seemed to me the absurdest method of settling a difference.

GRAND: What, then, do you propose?

MACRABIE: Why, sir, 'tis undeniable that Mr. Francis has done you a certain injury. He has compromised the handsomest woman in India, and has impaired, for a time at all events, the felicity of your domestic hearth. And because he is a gentleman, he would make a far more substantial amends than running you through the body.

GRAND (*starting, and half rising from his seat*): 'Sblood, sir, do you mean money—that I should accept money as the price of my wife's dishonour?

MACRABIE: By no means. Rather as a favour to Mr. Francis, who feels that he has done

wrong, and wishes to put matters right without a public scandal.

GRAND (*more calmly*): H'm, that puts another complexion upon it. But tell me—assuming that I could bring myself to accept a sum of money as compensation for this outrage—how much would Mr. Francis be prepared to pay?

MACRABIE: Why, Grand, you must remember that he is not a rich man.

GRAND: Another dozen rubbers with Mr. Barwell, and he can retire from India a nabob.

MACRABIE: That's as may be. But he has not cleaned out Mr. Barwell yet. Francis has also a wife and family in England—

GRAND (*sardonically*): They have my sincerest sympathy!

MACRABIE: Thank you. I felt sure you had a heart. In fine, my brother-in-law is prepared to pay down one lakh of sicca rupees as compensation for the disturbance you have suffered this night.

Grand laughs scornfully.

GRAND: One lakh of rupees for a blighted home and a broken heart! My dear Mr. Macrabie, it is quite evident that you have never been married. My happiness has been ruined, my wife has been alienated, and as for me, I can ever lift up my head again in Calcutta. One lakh of rupees is never going to pay for all that. No, nor ten lakhs, Mr. Macrabie.

MACRABIE (*aghast*): What!

GRAND: I demand fifteen lakhs of rupees from your eminent brother-in-law. And what's more, I'll file a suit against him for that amount, as he has refused me the satisfaction I demanded.

MACRABIE: Fifteen lakhs! He'd sooner fight than pay any such amount.

GRAND: You and he have both refused to fight. There is no escape from payment, Mr. Macrabie, either with or without the hateful necessity of an appeal to the courts.

MACRABIE: Even so, be reasonable, Grand. He could not pay you a hundred and fifty thousand pounds if he spent the rest of his life in Bengal, earning it by the sweat of his brow—and of the whole of the rest of his body, begad!

GRAND: I am adamant, Mr. Macrabie.

MACRABIE: Two lakhs, Mr. Grand.

GRAND: The exact sum he won from Mr. Barwell last week! No, Mr. Macrabie, I will not allow my friend and patron Mr. Barwell to pay for your brother-in-law's amours. Mr. Francis shall pay for his own diversions—through the nose.

MACRABIE: You are madder even than Francis was when he gained your verandah by a ladder. Two lakhs is my limit, Mr. Grand.

GRAND: Fifteen is mine, sir. I will bleed him for it, if I have to drag him to the House of Lords.

They both rise and Grand motions Macrabie to the door.

MACRABIE: One last word, Mr. Grand. Remember, Mr. Francis, after all, has never enjoyed your wife.

GRAND: If he had, sir, I would have killed him where he stood.

Grand opens the door and bows Macrabie out.

[CURTAIN]

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

New Books I can Recommend

BY THE LITERARY CRITIC

Mr. Norman Archibald joined the American Air Force at the age of 23, directly the United States entered the war in 1917. Ever since the war broke out in 1914, his imagination had been fired by newspaper descriptions of battles in the air, and his one ambition was to get to the front as soon as possible.

America's participation in the war gave him his opportunity and he started on his career as a war pilot with immense enthusiasm. The loss of comrades and the stern realities of actual warfare in the air brought about a gradual revaluation of his earlier more romantic notions, but did not lessen his enthusiasm.

"Heaven high" he had his triumphs. Then came a crash behind the German lines and "Hell Deep"—the horrors and miseries of a starved existence in German prison camps.

The story is vividly told throughout in "Heaven High, Hell Deep," by Norman Archibald (Heinemann, 8/6). Here is one grim picture:

"Days upon days drag by and life at Landshut is frightful. Interminable days. Hideous nights. Not a chair; no bunks; we sit or lie on the floor of a draughty room and wind blows through the cracks. Our hunger is maddening. Food—is our one thought. Food—is our only desire. Food—for we are almost starving.

"Two so-called meals a day. An Italian brings an earthen pan with a watery mixture of cabbages and turnips or sometimes added bits of potato. It is a treat. He places the container on the floor and we scramble for it like a pack of hungry wolves. Afterwards, we realise our uncouth actions. Where is our self-respect? Are we but animals? We will be men! One fellow is appointed to apportion out each meal but, as we are never nourished, never free from poignant cramps of hunger, and always harrowed by famishment, the plan is not worth a straw. When the fodder arrives, hunger rides rough-shod over reasoning power. Another barbarous rush!

"To make my loaf last as long as possible, I ration myself, but this afternoon, yielding to temptation, I cut a thin slice. This is a choice pleasure and toasting makes it more palatable, so, putting it on our low brick stove, I replace the loaf and return for the bread. It is gone! Someone, when my back is turned, has stolen it."

The Truth about Abyssinia

The next few weeks will doubtless see the issue and re-issue of many books on Abyssinia. In the meantime one welcomes the new edition of Major Darley's "Slaves and Ivory" which first appeared some nine years ago. In the interval that has elapsed, conditions in Abyssinia have not changed very much and Abyssinia is still, to those who know it, the "anachronism of the Twentieth Century."

Major Darley has known Abyssinia for many years, both before and after the war. He was formerly British Frontier Agent at Maji and in addition to his achievements in Abyssinian exploration, he has the credit of having frustrated a pretty plot hatched at Addis Ababa for occupying British territory to a distance of over a hundred miles from the actual border.

That the propensity of the Abyssinian to raid

across his frontiers into other people's territory is still much in evidence is clear from the facts set out in Mr. C. W. Hobley's introduction to the new edition of "Slaves and Ivory."

As the former Senior Provincial Commissioner of Kenya Colony, he reveals the fact that in 1934 there were three armed incursions into Kenya from the Abyssinian side of the border.

"In addition, the Abyssinians have, in spite of urgent protest, even established a military post some three miles within our territory, thereby preventing access to the only fresh water source within a day's march of our frontier post, but severely handicapping our tribal fishermen, who are thus now debarred from access to one of the best fishing grounds of Lake Rudolf.

"Representations only produce regrets and promises of better control; the latter, however, are never fulfilled. The frontiers of both Sudan and Kenya are still so unsafe that both these governments have for years past each spent annually upwards of £100,000 in endeavouring to defend them against armed attack from subjects of a Power, nominally friendly and a member of the League of Nations."

"The Great Feminine Century"

Dr. Willett Cunningham, in his very entertaining book on "Feminine Attitudes in the Nineteenth Century" (Heinemann, 12/6), describes that period as "the great feminine century in history."

Perhaps that is only a bouquet thrown at the last moment to appease any feminine wrath that may be aroused by Dr. Cunningham's half-humorous, half-serious psycho-analytical parade of feminine types—"the romantic thirties," "the sentimental forties," "the perfect lady of the fifties," "the revolting sixties," "the ornamental seventies," "the symbolic eighties," and "the prude" of the nineties.

In the nineteenth century, according to Dr. Cunningham, woman had a special need to attract man, because marriage alone provided a career. And in her recourse to "attitudes" she became whatever the man of her day wished her to be.

SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS

"Slaves and Ivory," by Major Henry Darley (second edition, with an introduction by Charles W. Hobley, late Senr. Prov. Comr. Kenya Colony, illustrated with photographs and maps, H. F. and G. Witherby, 7/6).

"Those Nut-cracking Elizabethans," by W. J. Lawrence (with eight plates, the Argonaut Press, 10/6).

"The Fays of the Abbey Theatre," by W. G. Fay and Catherine Carswell (with 15 illustrations, Rich & Cowan, 10/6).

FICTION

"Innocence and Experience" (short stories), by Phyllis Bottome (John Lane); "The Farm at Santa Fe," by Laurence Kirk (Heinemann); "The Mote and the Beam," by Pauline Stiles (Skeffington); "Uncle Patterley's Money," by G. B. Burgin (Wright & Brown).

Adventure, Crime and Mystery:

"McGlusky the Seal Poacher," by A. G. Hales (Wright & Brown); "Fate Laughs," by Herbert Adams (for the Crime Club, Collins); "Silence," by Sefton Kyle (Herbert Jenkins); "Wheels Beneath," by Gerald Kelton (Rich & Cowan); "Keep Away From Water," by Alice Campbell (for the Crime Club, Collins); "The Devil's Elbow," by Bingham Dixon (Herbert Jenkins).

Wild West:

"Red Devil of the Range," by George Owen Baxter (Hodder & Stoughton); "Starlight Pass," by Tom Gill (Wild West Club, Collins).

All the fiction 7/6.

Children's Book:

"William the Detective," by Richmal Crompton (Newnes, 7/6).

CORRESPONDENCE

Call Russia's Bluff

SIR,—Ever since this country resumed diplomatic relations with Russia the Foreign Office has been protesting against the activities of the Third International. The reply has invariably been the same, that the Third International or Comintern is not under the control of the Soviet Government.

Surely it is time this farce were ended once and for all? Such a transparent device for evading responsibility deceives no one and, in any case, even if the excuse given by the Russian Government were correct it would not exonerate it from blame.

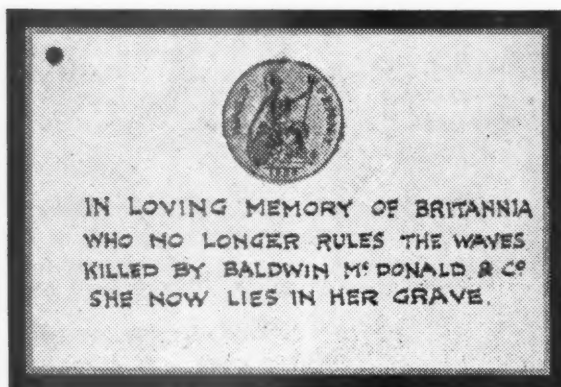
What would foreign nations think of us if we permitted an organisation to flourish on our shores which avowed openly its intention of overthrowing the social structure of another Power?

Any future protest from England must demand the closing down of the Comintern in Moscow altogether. We are not concerned with the quibble as to whether it is an official government institution or not, and even the Soviet Government could hardly have the effrontery to argue that it has not the power to "liquidate" any institution in that unhappy country. W. N. AKERS.

West Kensington.

In Memoriam

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—After reading the excellent articles on the Navy in the current issue of the *Saturday*



Review, I have come to the conclusion that it is a mockery for Britannia to appear on our coins.

STANLEY WAY.

8, Hotblack Road,
Norwich.

Revive the Militia

SIR,—Every true Conservative and all those interested in the welfare and tradition of the British Army will be deeply interested in your current issue.

It is indeed urgently necessary to raise the strength of our Army both in men and equipment. The Territorial Army needs more financial support from the War Office.

The recent Army review also revealed the need for a smarter kit for ceremonial and "walking out," both as regards recruiting and *esprit de corps*.

The late Lord Ampthill, shortly before his death, raised the question of reserves and drafts for the Regular Army in war-time. He urged the reconstitution of that old Constitutional Force, the Militia.

This force attracts, or would attract, a totally different type of man from the Territorial soldier—such as the dock labourer, the miner and a certain number of agricultural labourers. Under the name of the Special Reserve it did valuable work in the Great War in supplying special battalions and drafts to the Regulars. Lord

Hailsham admitted that only finance prevented its re-institution.

The money can and must be found, otherwise we shall have no effective reserves and drafts in time of war.

I consider an Army League should be formed on the lines of the Navy and Air League to safeguard the Army's traditions and needs, as the Army Committee in the House seems absolutely powerless.

"ONE WHO HAS WORN THE KING'S SCARLET."

Penrhyn Lodge, Gloucester Gate, N.W.1.

The Betrayal of India

DEAR MADAM,—As a visitor from India, I have been keenly interested in your *Saturday Review*. You may be sure that, from what India knows of your activities, thousands of her own inhabitants (and practically every Englishman there) must have an admiration for you which they dare not express, either because it would be deliberately misconstrued as unpatriotic or anti-Government.

As for me, personally, I have a great deal of material on hand which would be of unquestionable assistance to you, but my hands are tied down by circumstances.

The inferiority complex of the powers-that-be has created in India a disregard for England that breaks the heart of any Briton, be he black or white. How *laissez-faire* this policy has been may best be proved by running through the files of some poisonous anti-British papers like *The Bombay Chronicle* or *The Free Press of India*, for the last four or five years. Their writings are the surest proof of how weak and lax the Government has been, and they have recorded with untold zest every act of rebellion and breach of discipline that has passed unpunished owing to the deliberate indifference of the rulers.

I am enclosing a cutting from a current newspaper, which shows that "Congress" is now arranging for anti-British propaganda abroad, yet nothing is being done to meet this situation. BRITON.

The League Covenant

SIR,—Those who wish England to take action against Italy under the Covenant of the League, should read Article XIX :—

The Assembly may from time to time advise the reconsideration of Members of the League of treaties which have become inapplicable, and the consideration of international conditions whose continuance might endanger the peace of the world.

It would be well if our pacifists quoted the whole of the Covenant and not only the parts which suit them.

Reading.

H. V. MASSKY.

Ecclesiastical Jugglery

SIR,—While in a small Somersetshire village last week-end, I saw affixed to the wall of a farm building a notice to the effect that there would be special prayers for peace in the Parish Church on Sunday.

The notice was couched in ponderous and complicated language, the true meaning of which the agricultural labourer would be unlikely to appreciate correctly; but I had only to read it to realise that what we were being asked to pray for was not peace but war.

I was informed that this wording had been framed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose letter to the Press was commented on in your correspondence columns last week, and certainly the phraseology could only have been intended to veil a plea that the League of Nations should be guided to demand sanctions and other warlike measures against Italy.

Surely we have a right to expect the leaders of our national Church to act with common honesty, by making it clear to the rank and file what it is they are asked to pray for, and not to dissemble and cloak the true meaning of such a supplication? H. MATTHEW RINGSTEAD.

Cromwell Road, S.W.

CORRESPONDENCE

Are Country Wages Too Low?

SIR,—In your last week's issue your correspondent, Mr. Benjamin Rothwell, asks four questions, after mentioning that he read that a man on the dole with wife and six children draws £2 4s. weekly and a County Council road labourer receives 33s. in the West of England.

Does he realise that the labourer has small rent to pay and can grow a lot of his foodstuff? He says it seems better business to draw the "dole" than to work. What ridiculous talk!

His questions are:—(A) *Are the wages too low?* Does he mean this labourer? If so, I say "No, not in that part of the world, with cheap rent, food, etc."

(B) *Is the dole too high?* No, again. Does he think that, say, a single man drawing 17s. weekly too high to pay rent, food, clothes, etc., out of?

A married man is worse off with all his little mouths to feed and clothe.

(C) *Should people in work be paid according to the number of their children?* No, again. The number of children is a married couple's own private business, they know their income and it is up to them to not go above that income. They should not have children if they cannot afford to keep them.

(D) *Should the number of children a couple may have be legally restricted according to their means?* No, again. I hope your correspondent will not mind when I say this is a very silly question to ask. Just realise a young couple just being married being told that they must only have two babies. I should think they would laugh at it. If a wedded couple can afford it, let them have as many "chicks" as they like. Besides, does not our friend know there is sometimes a "mistake." I am sorry to have to give our friend all "No's."

Brixton, S.W.9.

(Mr.) S. UPTON-GRUBB.

We Print Below Mr. Rothwell's Reply

SIR,—Mr. Upton-Grubb might at least be consistent in his arguments. In answer to question C he says "No" on the ground that the number of children a couple has is that couple's private affair. He goes on to say that they should not have children they cannot afford to keep.

I quite agree. But Mr. Grubb, in his answer to the next question, says that the number of children a couple may have should not be restricted according to their means, and he develops his argument by saying that "if a wedded couple can afford it let them have as many 'chicks' as they like." This has nothing to do with the point.

Obviously, if people should not have children they cannot afford to keep, something should be done to prevent them from doing so. One cannot have it both ways, and experience has shown that it is useless to rely on these people's good sense.

I think Mr. Grubb under-estimates the cost of living in the country. A couple I have in mind, with five children, pay 7s. 6d. a week for their cottage. The breadwinner's insurance comes to 1s. 7d. per week and he has to buy and maintain a bicycle, for which his wife puts aside 6d. a week. This leaves 23s. 5d. a week to feed and clothe seven people.

It is true that many such labourers can grow some vegetables; but it must be remembered that meat and fish are more expensive in this part of the country than in London, as are certain other necessities.

Actually, a man in work with a wife and five children who earns 33s. a week has a net income of approximately 4s. 5½d. per head, while a man on the dole with a wife and six children has a net income of 5s. 6d. per head.

Incidentally, a man may draw the dole and still live in the West Country.

BENJAMIN ROTHWELL.

Taunton, Somerset.

Lloyd George on the Stump Again

SIR,—As Mr. Lloyd George intends forming a New Radical Party, it will not be out of place to remind him of his political past.

In a speech the other day he made the statement that France, Germany, Russia and Italy had less unemployment than we had; but he took care not to mention the fact that they had called up for military service millions of men, which relieved the unemployment question, to save their country from worse happenings. He evidently has forgotten his 9d. for 4d., and Land Taxes, which stopped all building in all parts of the country, and that with death duties and taxes he ruined the landlords, the finest body of men in England, which forced them to discharge at least 500,000 employees.

Through him and others the country was totally unprepared for war, and scorned Lord Roberts' advice to be prepared. The consequence was we had no reserve ammunition in 1914, no big guns, and no machine-guns. Consequently we lost hundreds of thousands of valuable lives. We had to spend hundreds of millions to make up these differences which otherwise would have cost us half of what they did. To make matters worse, the Government were aware that Germany was preparing for war.

If he wants to help the country, Mr. Lloyd George would be doing some good if he considered how he could reduce taxation, which would assist the landlords to carry on their estates again, so that they could once more employ the 500,000 people they had to discharge. The country wants no more of his political stunts, and he must think the intelligence of the nation is of a very low order if he imagines it will have anything more to do with his catch-traps such as Free Trade and 9d. for 4d. and other vapourings.

WATCHMAN.

THE
NATIONAL
REVIEW

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COLONEL HENRY FORTESCUE, MAJOR W. R. J. ELLIS.

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MOTORING

A Boom in Small Cars

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

SALES of small and medium powered cars are breaking all records, and the leading manufacturers are working at full pressure. Never has the late summer drive which ushers in the new season's models swept buyers into its net in so wholehearted a manner.

It will be interesting to learn later whether the majority of these buyers were new motorists owning a car for the first time or whether the greater proportion of the increase in sales represented the exchange of old cars for the latest types.

If the former is the case, there will be even more congestion on busy roads and the number of candidates for driving licences is likely once again to overwhelm the limited staff of examiners. If, on the other hand, an increase in part exchange transactions is responsible for the majority of the total increment we may look for some fall in second hand values.

It is an obvious fact, if one thinks a little, that in countries where the tendency of motorists is to keep their cars for only a short time and then exchange them with a cash adjustment for later models, second hand values are comparatively low. Thus, in France, where owners have a habit of clinging to their machines for many years, in what, I think, is a mistaken policy of thrift, it is impossible to buy a second-hand car at what we in England would consider a reasonable price.

A correspondent has asked me what I think will be the effect of the advent of the "Flying Flea" and the removal of restrictions on certain types of light aeroplanes on the motor industry. Although, without doubt, in years to come the motor car is sure to be almost entirely superseded by the flying machine, I do not think shareholders in motor manufacturing firms have any cause for immediate worry.

I cannot visualise any great output of home built light aeroplanes. In fact, I can foresee a great many accidents if any large number of amateur constructors entrust their lives to their own handiwork. On the other hand I can predict a great demand for an efficient mass produced light plane selling at round about a hundred pounds, and I shall not be surprised to find motor manufacturers producing them as a profitable side-line.

It must be remembered that, no matter how cheaply light aeroplanes come to be produced, they must until conditions are materially altered by legislation, continue to be luxuries. At present an aeroplane can get one very quickly from one distant point to another; but it cannot, except in very exceptional circumstances, take one from door to door and it is useless for short journeys or shopping expeditions.

There is no doubt, of course, that as time goes on, more landing grounds will be available and less space will be required for alighting and taking off. In fact I shall not be surprised to see during my lifetime aeroplanes landing and taking off in our London Parks and even on the roofs of houses.





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The "SATURDAY REVIEW"

REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS

LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire.—Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumbartonshire.—Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2s. 6d. Din. 3s. 6d. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire.—Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf, Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY.—Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3. Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST.—Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 27/6. Golf, 10 mins. 2/6.

BLACKPOOL.—Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very moderate.

BOURNE END, Bucks.—The Spade Cak Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. to 7 gns. Golf, 1½ miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire.—Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex.—Sixty-six Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E. from 3½/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent.—Grand Hotel. Bed., from 5 gns. W.E., from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk.—Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

BUTTERMERE, via Cockermouth.—Victoria Golf Hotel. Bed., 37; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 and 15/- per day. Golf, own private links. Fishing, boating.

CALLENDER, Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., fr. 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE.—Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF.—Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Brkfst.), 37/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY.—New Inn, High Street.—Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYNDERWEN.—Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/- Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire.—Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES.—The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWDERRY, CORNWALL.—Sea View. Bed., 9. Annexe 5. Pens., from 3½ gns. W.E., from 35/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon).—Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE.—The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, Managed by Prop. Phone: 5095.

ELY, Cambs.—The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20. Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2/15/- Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/- Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall.—The Manor House, Hotel, Budock Veau. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 8 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2.—Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 23, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/- Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/- Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2.—Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire.—Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian.—Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/- Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY.—Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon.—Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns. Overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many with private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY.—Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 28. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 18/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes.—The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 6 gns. season. W.E. fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH.—The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., R.A.C. and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LANGOLLEN.—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LANWRTYD WELLS, Central Wales.—Dol-y-Coed Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 4. Pens., winter £4 7/6; sum. £4 15/- W.E., 30/- Golf, own course. Fishing, tennis.

LOCH AWE, Argyll.—Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmally 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON.—Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.; Fro. 2259. Pens., 2½ to 3 gns.

GORE Hotel, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3½ gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1.—T.: Terr. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/- Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 & 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 36; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns. to 4½ gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY HOTEL, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. Tube. 250 Bedrooms, h. and c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

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LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire.—Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to £3 16/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/- Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon.—Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 6; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- W.E., £1 7/- Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Central-Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., 24. W.E., 36/- Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL HOTEL.—Bed., 44; Rec., 3; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from 45/- 5 hard courts. Golf on estate. Fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire.—Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W.—Niton-Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/- Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey.—The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/9; Din., 6/- Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall.—Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.; "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON.—Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland.—Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lunch, 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Dinner, 6/- Garden. Golf, 3 courses within 6 mins.

PETERBOROUGH.—Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3½ gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon.—Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

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ROSS-ON-WYE.—Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts.—Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 399.

SALOP.—Talbot Hotel, Cleobury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/- Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, YORKS.—Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 38. Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/- Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL HOTEL, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5. Din., 6/- Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH.—Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6½ to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH UIST, Outer Hebrides.—Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7; Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests. Fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT.—Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- Lun., 2/- Din., 3/6. Sup., acc. to requirements. Dn. Golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, HANTS.—Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8s. 6d., double, 14s. Golf, Trout fishing.

STRANRAER, Wigtownshire.—Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 15; Pens., £3 10s. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon.—Beach Hotel H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TIEWKESBURY, Glos.—Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6½ gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY.—The Grand Hotel, Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts, golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT HOTEL, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6; Pens., fr. 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- Tennis, Golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

TYNDRUM, Perthshire.—Royal Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 5/-; Sup., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, shooting.

VIRGINIA WATER, Surrey.—Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1 17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/-

WALTON-ON-NAZE.—Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK.—Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4½ gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/-; Golf. Leamington, 1½ miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE.—Rigg's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2 8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH.—Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 65. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 25/-; Lun., fr. 3/6; Din., fr. 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

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BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage 45 cars.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone 434711.

BRIGG.—Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away, 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week. Fishing.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

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BURNTISLAND. Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-; W.E., 30/-; Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD. Essex.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E. from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yatching, tennis.

CHELTEHAM SPA.—Visit the Bays hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-; Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/-; Golf, polo.

DAWLISH. S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel, ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square.—Bed., 15. Pens. from 3 gns.; W.E., from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter Garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH. S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel, Centre Sea Front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated Handbook gratis from Res. Proprs. 'Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel. Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon. 25/-; Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Bracondale Private Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-; Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN. Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day; (5/- Aug., Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. E. light. Central heat. No extras. Tel. 3341.

THE ORANGE HOUSE PRIVATE Hotel. 8, Castle Hill Avenue. Bed., 13; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 28/-; Golf, bowls, tennis, skating, croquet.

GOATHLAND, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch, 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-; Golf, 4 mile. Hunting, fishing.

GODALMING.—Farncombe Manor Hotel. Farncombe. Pens., 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, tennis.

HEREFORD.—The Residence Hotel, Broad Street. Bed., 25. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 25/-; Salmon fishing, boating, tennis. Large garage and car park.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch —a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. 'Phone 596.

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THE OSBORNE PRIVATE Hotel. Wilder Road. Bed., 90; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

DILKUSA.—GRAND Hotel. Sea front. Cent. 110 bed. all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

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LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binswood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf half mile away. Tennis, bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec. 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns.; W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-; Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary Street. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-; Golf.

LOCH-SHIEL, ARGYLL.—Ardshealach Hotel, Acharracle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-; Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-; G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel. 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel. Westminster, S.W.1. 'Phone: Vic. 0867 and 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S. 15s. D. 27s. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BICKENHALL PRIVATE Hotel. Very comfortable. Cent. Sit. 8 min. Baker Street, 5 min. Oxford Street. Welbeck 3401.

BONNINGTON Hotel. Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8s. 6d.

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KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel. De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel. Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 6. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel. 7 Lidlinton Place, N.W.1. T.: Mus. 8125. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR Hotel. 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel. 20/2, Kensington Gardens Square, W.2. Bays. 3801-2. J. Ralph, prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel. Sydenham, S.E.26. Bed., 30; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 30/-; G. Golf, within 10 mins. Billiards, Ballroom, Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE Hotel. Palace Gate, Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel. 4, Pembroke Villas, Bayswater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2 12/6.

REDLANDS Hotel. 9, Leinster Gardens, W.2. Tel.: Padd. 7543. Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/-; Lun., 1/6; Din., 3/-; Garden.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel. Stanley Crescent, Kensington, Park Road, W.11. 'Phone: Park 1163. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., fr. 2½ gns., 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE. 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel.: Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., fr. 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel. 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single, 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL Hotel. Southampton Row, W.C.1. T.: Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel. College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, N. Devon.—Waterloo House Private Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-; Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 55-59, Osborne Road. T. Jeomond 906. Bed., 36; Rec., 3. Single frm. 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel. Jeamond Road, Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E., £1 17/6. Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

PHILLACK, Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviera Hotel. Near sea, golf, H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel, St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17/6; W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFTESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel.—Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-; Golf, Private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, hunting.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5½ gns.; W.E., 30/- to 55/-; Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 gns. W.E., 30/-; Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel. St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel. Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E., from 9/- day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

MISCELLANEOUS

MEMBERSHIP of the INCOME TAX SERVICE BUREAU brings relief.—Address, Sentinel House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

EDUCATIONAL

FARRINGTONS, Chislehurst, Kent.—Public Residential School for Girls. Moderate School Fees. Annual Scholarship. For Prospectus apply to the Head Mistress.

THE EMPIRE WEEK BY WEEK

Australian Aviation Chief's Mission

By Geoffrey Tebbutt

CAPTAIN EDGAR JOHNSTON, Controller of Civil Aviation in Australia, left Croydon this week on the last stages of the most exhaustive investigation of international commercial flying that has yet been undertaken by an Australian.

His mission, while concerned largely with preparations for the great 1937 scheme of Imperial air mail acceleration, is intended also to provide information for a general modernisation of civil flying in Australia, based on the adaptation of British, American and European methods to the modest capacity of the Commonwealth.

Captain Johnston's tour fulfils the objective set for his predecessor, Lieut.-Colonel H. C. Brinsmead, who received fatal injuries in the East Indies when he set out in 1931 to make a comprehensive study of international civil aviation. That disaster, coupled with the full fury of the economic blizzard, caused a slowing-up of Australia's plans to introduce machines and ground organisation worthy of the skill of her pilots and the air-mindedness of her people.

A COMPREHENSIVE PLAN

Since Colonel Brinsmead's death, progress in the air has been so fast and the Australian Government so frequently goaded by critics who had a well-founded fear of the Commonwealth being left behind other parts of the world in bringing the air to the service of the people that the Cabinet decided to despatch Captain Johnston abroad. If his mission does not quickly produce a comprehensive plan to bring a country so naturally favoured for flying up-to-date in the aerial sense, the outcry inevitably will be renewed.

Captain Johnston's personal views will play a considerable part in determining the attitude of the Cabinet to the development of the Imperial air link and internal services between the widely-separated capital cities of Australia. The impressions formed abroad by the Controller of Civil Aviation must remain on the secret list until his report is considered by the Ministry.

He saw first the method of operating the commercial airlines of the United States, and was given full facilities for flying in the latest machines there. He has since been in close consultation with the Air Ministry and Imperial Airways in London.

A tour of northern Europe by the services of Imperial Airways, Deutsche Luft Hansa, Sabena, K.L.M. and the Danish air line followed. Last week, he was able to discuss the Imperial "speeding-up"

plan with the controllers of civil aviation of South Africa and India, who also are in London.

On his way home, Captain Johnston is inspecting the services of southern Europe. On Monday he will embark at Athens in an Imperial Airways flying-boat en route for Karachi. Breaking his journey to see the organisation of the important Indian sector of the route to Australia, he will continue to Batavia by the Dutch service and go home by Qantas Empire Airways.

By the time he reaches Melbourne early in October, Captain Johnston will have experience of most of the major airlines of the world. Australians will expect substantial results from his mission.

Southern Rhodesia's London Home

SOME time next month, the Southern Rhodesian administration in London will open its new offices at Agar House, Strand.

Behind this prosaic announcement lies the story of a fierce and wordy struggle between representatives of the High Commissioner and Mr. Jacob Epstein.

The new building is ornamented with an exterior line of Epstein figures, reposing coyly in niches. The figures are based on the science of the anatomy, and Mr. Lanigan O'Keeffe, the High Commissioner, did not think they were quite suitable for a Government Office.

Most of us agreed with him—but not so Mr. Epstein and his admirers. Petitions were organised, strings were pulled, and, in fact, everything was done to keep the statues *status quo*.

And Mr. O'Keeffe, having had a good laugh out of it, eventually agreed that they should remain. Anyhow, the controversy had been worth several thousand pounds of free advertisement to the new Southern Rhodesian buildings.

A day or two ago, I looked in to see how the new offices were going on. A workman was washing the face of one of Epstein's studies. They are on a level with the administration offices, on the second floor.

Below them is a spacious club room and lounge, with writing desks and Southern Rhodesian papers, where visitors will be thoroughly at home. And below this is the ground floor window display, entrance hall, and lobby where parcels and coats may be left for a few hours by visiting Rhodesians. Telephone messages will also be taken for them, and, in fact, a real social service instituted.

The official opening of the offices, I understand, will not take place till the end of October. When it does, Southern Rhodesians will have something to write home about.

Canadian Trees and English Politics

By G. Delap Stevenson

THE struggle between Canada and Russia over timber for the British market still goes on.

Russia is for ever on the look out for some loophole in the regulations which are intended to block unfair trade practices, while Canada, for her part, keeps jealous watch to see that there is no infringement and that the principle of Empire preference is maintained.

It is certainly of the greatest importance to Canada not to allow herself to be overwhelmed by Russia, for the British market has, since Ottawa, been of enormously increasing value to her.

This British increase has come just in the nick of time to save her from the worst effects of a great falling off in her timber exports to the United States.

In 1932 Empire countries took only 42 per cent. of Canada's total timber exports, while the Americans took practically all the rest. In 1934, however, exports to the Empire had risen to 74 per cent. In 1931 America bought Canadian timber to the value of over \$14,000,000, while the United Kingdom spent rather less than \$4,000,000.

WATCHING RUSSIA

In 1934, however, the Americans were down to \$6,000,000, while the United Kingdom had risen to \$16,000,000. Ottawa has saved the Canadian timber trade, so it is not surprising that the Canadians keep their eyes skinned for Russian attempts at dumping.

Curiously enough the very beginning of Canada's Overseas timber trade was due to England's fear of being dependent on wood from Russia. Immediately after the conquest of Canada from the French, England started a system of bounties, so that she would be able to get supplies of Canadian timber.

Ships in these days were built of wood, so that otherwise her navy and shipping was far too much at the mercy of the political friendship of the Baltic countries, the most important of which, of course, was Russia.

The wisdom of this move on England's part was seen during the Napoleonic wars, when she was in fact cut off from her Baltic supplies and the Canadian trade became of vital importance.

Though they were fostered by politics, Canadian timber exports soon developed a healthy commercial life of their own. The United States became good customers, and the Maritime provinces of Canada had a prosperous shipbuilding business as

a kind of side line to timber export. Mr. Bennett's ancestors were New Brunswick shipbuilders.

The timber trade began, of course, along the east coast and the St. Lawrence, and then gradually moved inland where rivers and lakes made the wood easily accessible.

Nowadays, however, a good half of Canadian timber comes from British Columbia. It is not floated down the rivers as in the East, but got out by machinery and light railways. Cutting goes on all the year round, whereas in the East it is done only in the winter and piled on the frozen water courses to be carried down when the ice melts.

LEADING INDUSTRY

While British Columbia, with its larger trees, has developed as a timber district, the Eastern forests have, since the beginning of the century, been used more and more for the pulp and paper industry. This, though it has been going through hard times recently, is the leading single manufacturing industry in the Dominion.

America is the great consumer of Canadian pulp and paper. The same water which provides transport for the logs also supplies power for the mills.

In the early days, Canadian timber was cut recklessly by the pioneers, and the heavy timber "snake" fences of the East stand witness to their extravagance. Now, however, forestry is properly studied and the woods protected. Most forest land is Government owned, private companies holding licences to cut.

Fire is the great scourge and aeroplane patrols are one means used in combating it. Its prevention is also the subject of much propaganda, particularly in schools.

At present a census is being taken of the forest resources of Canada, and a report has just been published on British Columbia. With proper care there seems to be very little danger of exhaustion.

Interview with Canadian Rail Chief

"Progress Towards Recovery"

THE Hon. C. P. Fullerton, K.C., Chairman of the Trustees, Canadian National Railways, is making his first visit to Europe since he assumed that important office in January, 1934.

Seen in London after he had visited the Company's offices, Mr. Fullerton told me that he had recently completed a general inspection of the Railway when he had been as far west as the Pacific Coast.

His impression was that Canada appeared to have reached a certain measure of stability, though no important change in the condition of business had taken place during the first half of 1935.

"We are," he said, "above the low levels of 1932-33, but we have still a considerable improvement to

make before we get back to the average level of 1925-1929. Whatever present tendency there is is upward.

"There is greater confidence throughout Canada that steady progress towards recovery is taking place. Agricultural prospects are good, manufacturing industries have expended operations, particularly the iron and steel group, automobiles, boots and shoes and silk goods. There is a larger demand for newsprint, but lumbering has felt the effects of reduced demand from the United Kingdom.

"Production by the mining industry is on a satisfactory scale. There is intense activity in the gold mining camps. Construction work is being stimulated by the public works programme inaugurated by the Federal Government. The tourist trade is very active. Railway traffics are slightly better than last year; the combined traffics of the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific Railways in the first seven months of the year show an increase over the previous year.

SMALLEST RAIL POPULATION

"One of our major problems in Canada is that of low traffic density. I think it is true that of all the principal countries in the world Canada has the smallest population per mile of railway. We have about 250 people per mile of railway in Canada as compared with 2,235 in Great Britain.

"It is probably true to say that Canada enjoys lower freight rates than any other country in the world. The average freight revenue per ton mile in 1934 in Great Britain was, I believe, 1.328 pence. On the Canadian National Railways last year it was .974 cents, or approximately one-third the average rate in Great Britain."

A Queen's Gratitude to N.S.W. Town

LOST in a storm, with the petrol supply failing, and with anxiety for a good racing position giving way to concern for the lives of the seven people aboard, the celebrated Dutch airmen, Chevalier K. Parmentier and Chevalier J. J. Moll, owed their rescue to their own skill and the quick thinking of the people of a small town on the banks of the Murray River, in New South Wales.

This most dramatic incident of the Mildenhall to Melbourne air race last October—with its happy ending of the Dutch pilots, in their big Douglas commercial monoplane taking second place—has just had a final sequel in Scotland.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland gave audience at St. Fillans to Mr. A. Waugh, Mayor of Albury, and Mrs. Waugh. The Queen asked him to convey her personal thanks to the people of Albury for their actions.

Off their course on the final leg of 800 miles between Charlesville (Queensland) and Melbourne, Parmentier and Moll circled for hours, often flying "blind," unable to obtain their bearings from wireless

messages and reaching the brink of disaster which a forced descent in rough country in darkness would have brought to them.

The drumming of the "Uiver's" engines brought the people of Albury from their beds. They realised that the Dutchmen were lost over a strange land. The engineer at the power station thought of perhaps the most resourceful method by which a lost aeroplane has been guided to safety.

Taking charge of the town's current, he utilised the street lighting to tell the harassed Dutchmen where they were. "A-L-B-U-R-Y" he signalled.

The "Uiver" circled lower and lower; soon, the headlights of a convoy of motor cars directed the pilots, weary from a dash half across the world, to the only feasible landing place.

THEY WERE SAFE

The cars were marshalled in a circle round the centre of the racecourse. Down came the "Uiver," magnificently handled, to land on a ground where no machine of its weight and speed had ever descended before. Its wheels sank deep into the mud.

But the Dutchmen were safe. They disembarked a ton of pay-load, including three passengers, had their machine dug out of the mud, and in daylight resumed the flight to Melbourne, which, in spite of the perilous delay, they reached in 8 days 18 hours elapsed time from Mildenhall.

Dutch decorations, gifts to local charities, came immediately from Holland. Now the Mayor of the little town has been to Holland, visited all eleven provinces, been entertained by the provincial governors, the burgomasters and the Prime Minister.

Gifts of a silver replica of the "Uiver," a bronze tablet to commemorate the incident, and a gold cup for the club on whose racecourse the air-liner landed, were among the many he received.

Queen Wilhelmina could not receive him in Amsterdam; hence the audience in Scotland.

The "Uiver," caught in another storm, crashed, took fire and was destroyed with the whole of her crew and passengers in the desert near Rutbah Wells two months after the people of Albury had saved her.

The painful sensation caused by the disaster made the gratitude of Holland for what the Australian township had previously done more poignant.

Australia cannot regard with equanimity the present snail-like growth of her population, nor the practical certainty of a still smaller growth in the immediate future. The needs of mankind in other countries will in time create the inescapable mandate that this continent must be occupied by a growing population. — *The Telegraph, Brisbane.*

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The Missionaries' Road.—I

By Professor A. P. Newton

IN the course of history it is the most ordinary of commonplaces to remark that certain areas, owing to geographical conditions, have seen far more happenings of importance than the rest.

Particular mountain passes like Roncesvalles or the Great St. Bernard or the Khyber are the inevitable routes of invading armies advancing to attack an enemy beyond the frontier barrier.

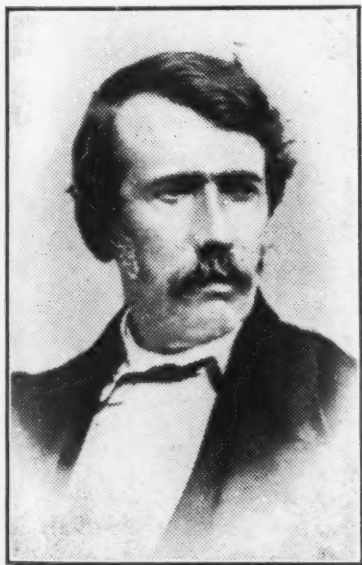
Delhi owes its historic importance to the fact that it guards the only practicable route from the north into the rich Indian plains.

The historic events with which such places are connected are almost always deeds of war bound up with campaigns of attack and defence.

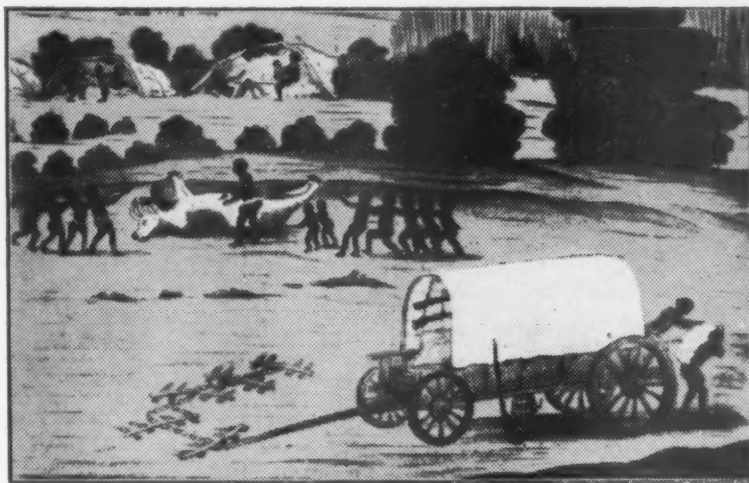
There is, however, one striking example in the history of the British Empire where a particular route has played a part of special significance in the politics of two generations or more without a single battle for its possession.

This is what is known as "The Missionaries' Road" in South Africa, and it is now the route of the railway from Cape Town into the interior of the continent, the project for the building of which as part of his Cape-to-Cairo railway was the cherished aim of Cecil Rhodes.

In his efforts to keep the road safe and open, he laid the foundations of the great self-governing territory of Rhodesia and so carried British Dominion right up into the heart of the "Dark Continent."



Dr. David Livingstone, explorer of the unknown interior of Africa, and agent of the London Missionary Society



A burgher's waggon of type used in "trekking" in late eighteenth century. Note fire-arms inside canvas hood.

It is just over a hundred years ago that the missionaries who had previously confined their ministrations to the Hottentots and half-breeds in Cape Colony, began to move north into the interior.

There they came into contact with people of different stock, the Bantu or negro peoples whose original home lay in the tropical forests of Central Africa, and who in the early years of the nineteenth century had not come much into contact with the white settlers in Cape Colony.

The frontier Boer farmers had by 1830 advanced only as far north as the mountain chain at Graaf Reniet and few had pushed along the native trails that led up on to the high plateau of rolling plain or veld beyond.

When certain missionaries of the Scottish Missionary Society, under the lead of Robert Moffatt, determined to carry on their work in the far north among the negro tribes, they were, therefore, the first white men to establish themselves upon the veld, and were the advance guard of civilisation.

From east to west the veld becomes more and more arid until it passes into the almost waterless region of the Kalahari Desert.

In the devastating native wars of the late eighteenth century, the fierce warriors of the Zulus and the Matabele had driven their broken enemies out of the better watered eastern part of the veld into the semi-arid regions that border on the desert, and it was among these tribes called Bechuana that Robert Moffatt first established his mission stations.

It was at one of these stations that a young Scottish doctor, David Livingstone, first had his experience as a medical missionary, and there that he married Moffatt's daughter.

Livingstone had an extraordinary faculty for winning the respect and regard of the negroes among whom he worked, and he was also endowed with a natural scientific curiosity that made him a born explorer, probably

the greatest that Africa has ever known.

From his original station at Kuruman, among the Bechuana, he pushed his journeys northwards along the edge of the desert in the late 'forties and came into contact with many tribes who had never seen a white man before.

The direction of his journeys was necessarily guided by the need of finding water, and so he pushed along the old native trails that led from water hole (or *fontein*) to water hole until he came at length to discover Lake Ngami and the upper course of a great river that he later proved to be the Zambesi.

As the missionaries pushed northward, they not only preached to the negroes, they also traded with them, and gradually a trickle of trade moved along the route they followed and it became known as the Missionaries' Road.

It was round this route that about 1850 a struggle began between the Boer trekkers who had moved up from Cape Colony in the late 'thirties, and the missionaries under the lead of Livingstone.

That struggle continued for the next forty years, and in it much of South African history was made.

Canada's Cars

The whole population of Canada could set out to-day on a 400,000 miles motor tour of the Dominion.

The latest figures show that there are over 1,100,000 motor vehicles in the Dominion—one for every ten persons—and that, by the utilisation of trucks and motor-buses and a little crowding, every man, woman and child in the country could be taken on tour.

The procession would be a monster one for, if 100 feet of highway were allowed for each vehicle, it would stretch for 20,000 miles. The figures also show that Canada now has 400,000 miles of highway which link the Rockies with Niagara and the Atlantic with the Pacific.

Nervous Stock Markets

By Our City Editor

IT cannot be said that the Stock Exchange or even the City of London as a whole has ever had any faith in the League of Nations as a "sheet anchor" for the security of peace, but as successive British Governments have found it expedient to spend much time and money on Geneva, what appears to be the League's impending demise in wholly forceful and unpleasant circumstances, is bound to have the effect of rendering stock markets and other cogs in London's financial machinery somewhat hesitant.

Britain's own confessed weakness in the air, on the sea, and on land, would make for even more nervous stock markets if the City regarded Signor Mussolini's speeches as genuine indications of his intentions. But while nothing is more desired by the City than a return to conditions which permit of the resumption of international trade and financial intercourse, it is now realised that such a return is more likely to take place under the dominance of an imperial Britain than under the auspices of a semi-socialist League of Nations. In fact, the pistol held to the League's head by Italy may have the result of forcing Britain back to a policy of strength and independence. Such an

event would be greatly welcome in financial circles once the shock of the death of the League had been overcome.

The City is now well steeled to shocks, but prices have been held down by fears of public reaction to them and absence of interest on the part of the investing public is as much responsible as any other factor for the dullness of markets. The sharp recovery this week on "Bear" closing showed that interest was entirely professional.

Gilt-edged and Gold Mines

In recent times gilt-edged stocks and gold-mining shares have moved more or less hand in hand to higher levels, but there are signs of an end to this somewhat strange companionship. War in North-East Africa would undoubtedly have a further severe effect on gilt-edged stocks and with a rise in interest rates, fixed interest securities generally might be expected to suffer. Gold-mining shares, on the other hand, would probably come into good demand on the part of nervous Continentals who always fly to the precious metal for safety in times of stress—and gold is still recognised as one of the basic munitions of war. Strangely enough, gilt-edged and gold mines are two of the most speculative markets at the moment, for while the settlement of the Abyssinian trouble would bring about a sharp recovery in gilt-edged, gold mines might be expected to be favourably affected by adverse international developments.

But South African mines have also to look forward to more favourable conditions of taxation and, after the severe fall in the shares which has recently taken place, the big South African dividend-paying mines appear one of the most promising fields for speculative investment. Yields of over 6 per cent. are obtainable on such shares as Crown Mines and Springs Mines, the gilt-edged of the list, and on some of the slightly more speculative issues the return is still higher. Even to the investor gold mines appear attractive again when an uncertain gilt-edged outlook promises not better return than 3 per cent. gross or under 3½ per cent. on stocks standing at a big premium over their redemption price.

Debenhams

A further substantial recovery is reported by Debenhams Ltd., which has interests in leading drapery stores throughout London and the Provinces, and, thanks to the capital reorganisation carried out two years ago, the ordinary shares now receive a dividend of 12½ per cent. or 1½d. per 1s. share. The profit balance for the year was £654,029 against £585,229 for the previous year. The first preference stock is a first-class security of its kind, and with the dividend requirements covered 3½ times, the yield of 4½ per cent. is quite a fair return. The 6½ per cent. second preference return over 5½ per cent., and the third 7 per cent. preference yield over 6 per cent. at 11s. 6d., both of these yields looking very attractive with improving cover as shown by last year's report.

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An Australian Share

The passing of the interim dividend by the Scottish-Australian Company which carries on pastoral, investment and mortgage business in N.S.W., Queensland, and Northern Australia, caused some disappointment since the company paid an interim last year of 2½ per cent., followed by a final dividend of 2½ per cent. and bonus of 2½ per cent., making 7½ per cent. in all. As earnings amounted to over 13 per cent. on the ordinary capital, it was confidently anticipated that the company would pay an interim this year, despite the fall in wool prices. The £1 units of stock can be bought at 21s. 9d., giving a yield of £8 18s. per cent. on the basis of last year's dividends. If only 5 per cent. is paid for the current year, which is probably the best that can be expected, the yield would be £4 11s. 11d. per cent. Compared with others in their class, the shares are not dear and they offer a good opportunity for a "lock-up." The jump of 30 per cent. in Australian wool at the latest sales promises well for next year's results.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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THEATRE NOTES

"Round About Regent Street"

Palladium

I HAVE been so often to the Palladium to see a straight variety show that it was a little confusing to find my favourite turns dished out to me in the form of a revue. After a time, however, I realised that Mr. George Black was merely giving another twist to his usual Palladium entertainment, and that "Round About Regent Street" might just as well have been "Round About Addis Ababa" for all I or the rest of the audience were concerned.

Nervo and Knox were there, Naughton and Gold and that ridiculously enchanting pair, "Bud" Flanagan and Chesney Allen, too. I have laughed at them many times before and I laughed at them again. The fact that I considered the exquisite dancing of Hamilton and Fisher to be superior to anything in the programme does not mean that I failed to appreciate the irresponsible fooling of my old "Crazy Gang" favourites.

I have to confess, though, that some of the "gags" put over by the crazy members of the party were a trifle vulgar—"blue" is, I believe, the correct term. Mr. Black has such a firm hold on the affections of the true music-hall "fan" that he can afford to dispense with the adventitious aid of vulgarity to fill his theatre twice nightly.

In a word, I would personally prefer a straight variety show without the attempts at spectacular effects which I feel to be unfamiliar to the type of person who seeks his entertainment "round about Argyll Street." Nervo, to me, is always Nervo and Knox is Knox, whether the setting be Regent Street or Timbuctoo. Neither Naughton, Gold, Flanagan nor Allen need a sumptuous setting to show off their characteristic humours.

In spite of all that I have said, I am quite sure that the public will flock to the Palladium, partly because they know the flavour of the dish and partly because they know that it will be served up in a slightly different guise.

Open Air Theatre

Regent's Park

Mr. Sydney Carroll chose a varied and interesting programme for his series of Alfresco Ballets during the week preceding his last production this season at Regent's Park. It is difficult to say that any one ballet was better than another, but I, personally, enjoyed most "The Flower Princess" and "Allegory."

Of individual performances those of Nini Theilade, Guy Massey and Michael Martin Harvey were outstanding, and the lighting, for which Mr. Stanley Burroughs is responsible, was exquisite.

I did not greatly care either for Marina Yurlova's Spanish dances or for Phyllis Neilson-Terry's songs, but I am nevertheless grateful to Mr. Carroll for an evening well-spent and regret that I shall have no chance of repeating it until, at the earliest, next summer. C.S.

CINEMA**AUTUMN FILM SEASON BEGINS****BY MARK FORREST**

THE autumn season in the cinema opened with a fanfare of trumpets last week, and three of the leading houses put on pictures which should stay for some time to come. Hollywood sent over Miss Grace Moore's new film, *On Wings of Song*, to the Tivoli and Mr. Cecil de Mille's latest exaggeration, *The Crusades*, to the Carlton, and one of our companies, the British and Dominions, has made *Peg of Old Drury*, which is at the Leicester Square.

It was this same company with the same director, Mr. Herbert Wilcox, and the same leading artists, Anna Neagle and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, which made *Nell Gwyn*. For Nell Gwyn now read Peg Woffington and for Charles the Second, David Garrick. Mr. Wilcox has been knocking at the door for some years but, though there were several good points about *Nell Gwyn*, it is this latest production of his which should succeed in letting him into the room to join the company of other commercially successful directors. *Peg of Old Drury* is, however, no masterpiece, and Mr. Wilcox has a long way to travel before he takes a seat at the high table with Mr. Clair, Mr. Milestone, Mr. Pabst, Mr. von Sternberg, Mr. Capra and one or two others. He has produced a moneymaker, but his technique lacks any subtlety.

Sins of Omission

The first half of the eighteenth century in this country is crammed full of atmosphere and character, and the difficulty which must face any producer is not what to put in but what to leave out. Mr. Wilcox has put in the Vauxhall Gardens, Drury Lane, Mr. Rich, Kitty Clive and the two chief protagonists, and he has left out everything and everybody else, including Doctor Johnson, though his name is on the programme and he makes a remark or two on the screen. By not trying to paint too big a canvas he has preserved himself from running out of paint, but the story, which bears very little resemblance to the truth, is tenuous; and the continuity, though very plainly labelled, jerky.

Nevertheless, he has caught the atmosphere of the time well, and he is helped by a vivacious performance by Anna Neagle.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke's David Garrick appeared to me to be altogether too sombre a performance, but when he brings him to life as Shylock, Richard the Third and Abel Drugger, he is much more successful.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St., Ger. 2981.

FIRST DUTCH TALKING PICTURE

"DOOD WATER" (U)

An Epic of the Zuyder Zee

BROADCASTING**PENNY-WISE PUNDITS****BY ALAN HOWLAND**

MUCH as I dislike flogging a dead horse, I find myself compelled to return to the subject of Radiolympia. It is, I know, a very dead horse and it may be for that very reason that there is still a certain taint in the air which I feel it my duty to account for as best I can.

I have already spoken about the B.B.C.'s ineffable lack of taste in confining its activities at the recent Radio Exhibition to bare legs, red noses and discreet vulgarity. This, I thought, was bad enough, but I had no idea at the time of writing that there was much worse to follow. I have discovered to my sorrow, that the artists who assisted at this lamentable display, were actually persuaded to give their services at reduced fees.

In effect the B.B.C. said: "The publicity you will obtain from being included in the select band of artists privileged to take part in the annual frolic is worth far more to you than we could possibly hope to express in terms of money. Here is fourpence; make a name for yourself."

Bullied into Submission

So it was that artists who have worked hard in the service of the B.B.C. over a period of years, sacrificed a week of their time for a fee which did not even cover their working expenses. They simply dare not refuse, lest they should never be offered another broadcasting engagement.

Had the performances been in aid of some deserving charity, one could have understood the attitude adopted by the B.B.C. As a fact, however, the B.B.C. theatre at Olympia was nothing more than a boost for the radio industry. Hundreds of thousands of people paid for admission to the exhibition itself and many thousands paid what I consider to be exorbitant prices for the pleasure of seeing broadcasting artists in the flesh. In addition to this, the amount of business transacted over the period of the exhibition ran into seven figures.

It would seem, then, that somebody made a profit. Yet the artists who have helped to build the B.B.C. from an unimportant group of enthusiasts into one of the most formidable monopolies this country has ever harboured were, for the sake of their very livelihoods, compelled to give up more profitable engagements and work at a loss.

It is unprofitable and superfluous to comment on such a state of affairs. Either the B.B.C. has a conscience or it has not. Despite its continuous and well publicised protestations to the contrary, I came to the conclusion some years ago that it has not. Radiolympia has transformed opinion into complete conviction.

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Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.
writes in "Our Future in the Air"—

According to an estimate made by our Air Staff in 1926, the French Air Force—then the strongest in Europe, and consequently the accepted standard of measurement—could in twenty-four hours have dropped in this country a weight in bombs equal to that dropped in all the German air-raids in England in the course of the War—namely, 300 tons—and could have continued this scale of attack indefinitely. That works out to a fifteen hundred-fold increase in striking power possible in 1926 in comparison with the standard of attack which we experienced during the War. And since 1926 the striking power of the French Air Force, which is no longer the strongest in Europe, has more than doubled.

It is surely unnecessary to paint lurid pictures to bring home the significance of these comparisons. If further elaboration be necessary consider them in the light of the fact that 30 tons of bombs dropped upon London caused 1880 casualties; consequently 600 tons might be expected to result in 37,600 casualties. This calculation leaves out of account the increased efficiency of modern bombs, the greater destructive forces of the larger bombs which aeroplanes can now carry, the conflagrations which could be caused by the use of large numbers of small incendiary missiles, and the dire consequences which would follow upon aero-chemical attack.

There is now no city in Great Britain which could not be subjected to devastating attack by fully loaded aircraft operating from Germany, France, or the Low Countries.

Let us make no mistake: in the world of to-day there is not the faintest hope of general disarmament nor of the creation of an international police force. The claim that these Utopian methods of ensuring peace are now practicable is refuted by the high-pressure development of air forces which is actually in progress throughout the Continent. For us the eleventh hour has struck. We must now face our responsibilities and act, or else leave all that we have, all that we stand for, and our very existence as a free independent nation at the mercy of some adverse combination of events in Europe.

"Our Future in the Air," Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Mr. BALDWIN'S "SHEET ANCHOR"

BY LUCY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

What is the League of Nations? It is a League designed by the late American President Wilson which the American Nation very wisely refused to have anything to do with—**FOISTED BY HIM ON ENGLAND**—which Mr. Baldwin now actually describes to a Yorkshire audience as the **"SHEET ANCHOR" OF THE GOVERNMENT!!**

The Policy of the League of Nations is to denationalise nations and destroy their individuality. It is pernicious and destructive to the independence of the people—by usurping their sovereignty, and although it has no power and no right to do so—it orders countries to War over quarrels which do not concern them! The League of Nations is inherently Socialist, international and communistic.

YET THE LEADER OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY DOES NOT HESITATE TO ASK HIS FOLLOWERS TO SUPPORT THIS ORGANISATION WHICH STRIKES AT THE VERY HEART OF CONSERVATISM AND FREEDOM—AND CALLS IT THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF HIS GOVERNMENT—A statement I flatly contradict. THE "SHEET ANCHOR" OF ENGLAND ALWAYS HAS BEEN A GREAT AND GLORIOUS NAVY.

Now as Mr. Baldwin is only in his present position through the votes of Conservatives who put him there and who voted for a Conservative Government—let us ask ourselves this question—

WHAT IS CONSERVATISM?

As its name implies it represents that vast body of English opinion that seeks to CONSERVE certain recognised principles of Government—and all the great reforms in the last century have been on the initiative of Conservatives—as one can find out by reading history.

The first principle of CONSERVATISM—is the preservation of the **MONARCHY**—**which Sir Stafford Cripps wishes to destroy**—strengthening the ties of Empire by bringing the Dominions and Colonies into the closest relationship with the Mother Country and—**ABOVE ALL AND BEFORE ALL**—maintaining the Armed Forces of the Realm on the same high level that has always made our national will predominant and respected in the councils of Europe because our Navy was invincible. Conservative principles are simple but they aim fundamentally in preserving the safety of every Englishman and Englishwoman.

It is a bird of ill omen that soils the nest that it was reared in—but that is exactly what Stanley Baldwin has done. Nurtured in Conservatism he owes his great position as Leader of the Conservative Party to Conservatives. Where would he be to-day if Conservatives—foolishly against their better judgment—had not listened to his crocodile tears a few years ago and permitted him to carry on again after they knew in their hearts that he had failed them and that they could not trust him and they were right in doubting him and wishing to get rid of him for, in the vernacular of the day, "He has done them dirty."

So that—as this proves—Mr. Baldwin's position depends entirely upon Conservatism and yet he has thrown all Conservative principles to the winds and it is the duty of all who love their King and country to **DENOUNCE THIS FRAUDULENT DICTATORSHIP CALLING ITSELF "NATIONAL"** which has basely betrayed the Country by squandering the Nation's resources, weakening its faith, breaking its heart and destroying its very soul.

And remember that Mussolini—Mussolini alone—has saved us from the humiliating and disgraceful gesture by which Mr. Eden tried to bribe him—but he has not yet answered my question—What was the bribe he promised to Russia—**WAS IT INDIA?**